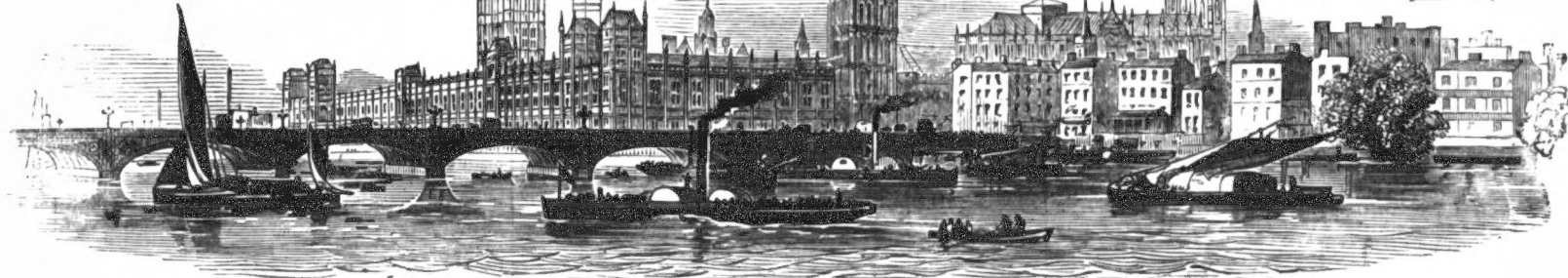


John Dick 313 Strand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



No. 52—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE FEARFUL ARTILLERY ACCIDENT AT BELLARY (INDIA). (See page 322.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning an inquest was held upon view of the body of a man named John Lindsay, aged thirty-four years, who was killed in Upper Eaton-place, under very shocking circumstances. It appeared that the deceased was employed by Mr. Evans, contractor, in pulling down some houses in Upper Eaton-place, Pimlico, and on Thursday week, while engaged in removing part of the roof, he was noticed to be under the influence of liquor. He walked deliberately across a broken glass skylight, and of course fell through. He received shocking injuries, and his spine was broken by the fall. He lingered in great agony for a short time before death put a period to his sufferings. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death by a fall through a skylight."

On Monday morning, the carriage-way of the old bridge at Blackfriars was closed to all vehicular traffic, by order of the Bridge House Committee of the Corporation. Mr. Thorn, the contractor for its removal, having expressed his desire to commence operations immediately. It has been open as a public thoroughfare for ninety-five years, and for the first seven years a toll of one halfpenny on week days and one penny on Sundays was charged on foot passengers. It was originally intended by the corporation that it should be called "Pitt's Bridge," in honour of the statesman of that name; and, indeed, within the "foundation-stone" was placed a Latin inscription to that effect, but the resolution, though adopted by the Court of Common Council, in the year 1760, and thus recorded, never appears to have been carried out, it having been called "Blackfriars-bridge" even to the present day.

On Sunday last a party of five persons, consisting of Mr. Charles Hollands, furman to Mr. Harden, tailor and outfitter, 291, High-street, Chatham, Elizabeth Hollands, aged thirty, his wife, William Hollands, aged six, their son, William T. Thurlow, aged fourteen, and Edward Gibbons, aged twenty-eight, leather-cutter, Globe-lane, Chatham, were proceeding down the river Medway in a small sailing yacht from Rochester, and when off Cuxton, at about a quarter to one o'clock, they were seized by a squall of wind, and the whole party were thrown into the river. Mr. Edward Young, station master, at Cuxton, seeing the catastrophe, called one of his porters, named William Gay, and a young man named Highams who immediately pushed off in a boat to the assistance of the drowning persons. Three of the party suddenly disappeared; one, who has been a sailor, and well understood the management of a boat, was a good swimmer, and managed to keep afloat with his son William. Both these were taken into the boat in an exhausted state, blood oozing from the nose and mouth of the child. Mr. Young took the boy to the station, rolled him in a blanket, and applied restoratives. He then telegraphed for Dr. Langston from Strood, who quickly attended, and the life of the child was saved. Praiseworthy exertions were made by Gay and Highams to save the other three, but their efforts were unavailing.

YESTERDAY, about eleven o'clock a strange-looking craft put into our quay. She came from the Clyde on her trial trip, and made the passage at the extraordinary speed of twenty miles an hour. She is very rough-looking in exterior, having apparently received only one coat of paint; still she is about as smart-looking a vessel as ever entered the port. Her lines are very gracefully drawn, and she is very low in the bows, as if made to plough through the waves. She has three funnels in front of the paddle-boxes, two masts with no rigging between; in fact, she has scarcely any rigging at all. Although only 1,000 tons burden, her engines are 1,400 horse-power. After making all inquiries we could about her future occupation, we believe we are correct in stating that she has been purchased by a Confederate firm in London to run the blockade, if possible, and that Mobile is her destination. She has no name inscribed upon her, but will, we believe, be known in future as "No. 27." She left for the Clyde last night.—*Belfast Whig.*

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

We have had several good showers, but the winds have been too drying, and indeed far too cool for June. Still, vegetation looks well, and, for the main part, crops are healthy.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—In dry weather keep down weeds with the hoe. Dig vacant pieces of ground, to be ready to take advantage of the first shower of rain for planting out the main crops of vegetables. Apply water liberally to seedling and more mature crops, and mulch the ground with short litter where practicable to prevent evaporation. Sow additional broad beans, and give the drills a good watering before the seeds are covered up. Pinch off the tops of all that are forming their pods. Water seed-beds of broccoli, and continue to plant out; also make a last sowing of the Walsheben. Sow Early Horn, East Ham, or any other middle-size early variety, of close growth and quick hearting to be after wards planted on poor ground for winter and spring greens. Continue to plant celery and water early crops abundantly, as, if dry, they are apt to run to seed. Sow a good crop of kidney beans for the autumn, and water the drills before planting. Sow lettuce for succession; thin out and transplant. Plant leeks if sufficiently strong for removal, affording them an open piece of very rich, deep soil. An additional sowing of peas may be got in of the Early Frame or Wrinkled Marrow, giving the drills a good watering; also water advancing crops, or they will cast their flowers if water is not supplied; besides, it will aid in filling out the pods. Sow scarlet runners for a late supply. Sow and thin turnips. Gather in herbs for drying while in perfection.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue to look over apples, pears, apricot, plum, and other trees for the curled leaf in which the maggots are found, and destroy them before they injure the fruit. Persevere in stopping the breastwood on all trained trees, whether wall or otherwise, and in nailing or tying in the young shoots as they extend. Thin and remove useless branches of standards. Give strawberries plenty of water to swell the fruit.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Now that the flower garden stock is generally bedded out, there is more time to attend to the propagation of the most favourite hardy plants; also in getting in a good supply of cuttings. Stir the surface of the soil among the plants in the beds to keep down weeds and encourage the growth of the plants. Remove decayed flowers, and cut off seed-buds if not required for seed. Disbud and tie the pods of carnations and pinks. Plant out chrysanthemums and ten week stocks if not already done. Attend to dahlias as they grow up; tying up the four or five main shoots to their stakes, as they are easily blown down. Take up hyacinth bulbs, and dry them in the shade. Increase pansies by cuttings. Tie the pods of pinks, and continue to propagate by pipings. Trim roses, and water the blooming plants plentifully; search for the curled leaf to destroy the rose maggot, and ply the syringe to destroy the green fly.

BURNING TO DEATH.—Scarcely a week passes but we are pained by the records of the deaths of females by burning, caused by the distribution of the fatal oil; and this is the more to be regretted, as recipes for rendering garments unflammable have been repeatedly given, though few take the wise precaution of availing themselves of those safeguards. We should imagine there will be no excuse now; for in the "patent incombustible starch," which is sold at a price within the reach of all, there is at once the remedy to render all articles of dress flame-proof. The introduction of a prevention to burning through the medium of the generally-used article, starch, must be hailed with satisfaction by all.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Court of Cassation has rejected the appeal on behalf of La Pommeraye, the poisoner of his mistress, against the judgment of the Assize Court of Paris. It was only after much persuasion that the convict consented to the appeal; he was utterly weary of life, he said, and he had rather meet death at once than undergo the agony of suspense and the heart sickness of hope deferred, of hope the faintest possible. There now remains but the mercy of the Sovereign when he comes to sign the warrant for execution; and for the exercise of mercy there are but slight grounds. The crowd that thronged the Palais de Justice was on this occasion as numerous as during the trial.

PRUSSIA.

The following farewell address has been issued by Field-Marshal Count Wrangel to the allied Prusso-Austrian army:—

"Head-quarters, Horsaen, May 20.
"His Majesty the King, my most gracious master, has deigned to relieve me from the chief command of the allied army by a cabinet order of the 18th inst., and at the same time to confer upon me the rank of count. Until further notice the chief command is entrusted to his Royal Highness Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, as the senior general present at the scene of war, while General von Herwarth, of the Infantry, undertakes the post of commanding-general of the combined army corps. His Majesty has given me his royal thanks for the glorious campaign, which has just arrived at a pause, and summons me to be near his gracious person at Berlin, that I may not be exposed, at my advanced age, and after an arduous winter campaign, to the possibility of new fatigues. I, therefore, take leave of you, dear comrades of the allied army, who have victoriously overcome the enemy in a campaign of several months, and endured the hardships of an unusually severe winter. The allied army under my leadership has so brilliantly fulfilled its appointed task—the occupation of the Duchy of Schleswig—that hundreds of guns and thousands of prisoners remain in our hands, and that the enemy is expelled from the continental portion of his kingdom. The allied troops, as the worthy representatives of two great armies, have fought side by side in faithful comradeship with most praiseworthy zeal, and have thus attained an object which, being gained, I am enabled to retire with satisfaction, highly honoured by the favour of our illustrious monarch. For all this I return the generals, officers, functionaries, and soldiers of the allied army my warmest and most heartfelt thanks. At your head I have passed the proudest and happiest days which the favour of providence has appointed to my lot. Farewell, and do not forget your veteran leader, who will recollect you and your exploits with thankfulness and pride until the last hour of his life. (Signed) VON WRANGEL, Field-Marshal."

DENMARK.

The celebration of the constitutional fête took place on Sunday. In the afternoon there was a grand procession to the King.

A meeting of 6,000 North Schleswigers has been held on the hills of Boeghoeved, near Hadersleben, at which the following declaration was adopted:—

"The proposal of the French and English plenipotentiaries at the London Conference to divide Schleswig is contrary to the most important vital interests of the country. We consider the greatest misfortune that can befall us. We will never be cut off from Schleswig and never be incorporated with Denmark."

NEW ZEALAND.

REPULSE OF ENGLISH TROOPS.

We have the following despatch from Alexandria:—"Brigadier-General Carey attacked the rebel position at Arshan, seven miles from Le Aramuse, on the 31st March. The enemy defended it for two days, when they retreated with a loss of 101 killed and thirty-three prisoners. Our loss is sixteen killed, and forty-two wounded. Colonel Warre has driven the rebels from the formidable position at Kai Lake, near New Plymouth, without loss. General Cameron is about to commence operations against a strongly entrenched position of the rebels at Mangatatan on the Upper Waikato. Captain Ring, 18th Regiment, killed; Captain Fisher, 40th Regiment, severely wounded; also Ensign Chayter, 65th Regiment."

The following is from Melbourne, dated April 25:—"Advices from New Zealand announce that two severe engagements had occurred at Mangatatanwhiri and Tarachi. The natives were defeated at the former place, which they abandoned, while at the latter the English troops suffered a reverse. The English loss in killed and wounded, in both engagements, amounted to eighty. The probability of the close of the campaign is still distant. The international cricket match ended in a drawn game."

The following telegram has been received from her Majesty's consul at Alexandria, dated 4th of June, at the Foreign-office, from General Cameron:—

"In making a reconnaissance of the Mangatatan position, from the right bank of the Waikato, this morning, Lieutenant-General Cameron found that the rebels had just abandoned it, and retreating up the right bank of the river. General Cameron sent a detachment to occupy it."

"COLQUHOUN."

A BURGLAR FOILED BY A LADY.—Early on Sunday morning a burglary was effected at the residence of Mrs. Pease, South Villa, Darrington, by a notorious character named Wilson. Entrance was obtained by a window in the garden at the rear of the house. The depredator left his boots in the garden and proceeded to the bedroom of Mrs. Pease, where he demanded her money. Mrs. Pease, as coolly as she could under the circumstances, arose from her bed, and requested the fellow to go into an adjoining room until she procured the money, with which request he complied. Instead, however, of doing so, Mrs. Pease roused one of her servants, who ran off to the police-office and secured the services of Sergeant Lyon, who was quickly on the spot. During the servant's absence the burglar was rambling about the house, and on the sergeant's arrival was still there, but finding how matters stood, he leaped from a window, ran down the garden, and through the river Skerne, closely followed by the sergeant. Here he made his escape for a time, but was afterwards captured in bed at his own house by the same officer. The prisoner was charged before the magistrates on Monday, and the above facts having been deposed to, he was committed to Durham for trial at the assizes.—*Sunderland Herald.*

MANY distressing cases have occurred during the past few months of women being found helpless from starvation, whose occupation had been

"Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A brood as well as a shirt"
Earning, perhaps, by fifteen or sixteen hours' hand-labour, not more than three or four pence. The Wheeler and Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine not only enables the worker to earn a good living during moderate hours of labour, but the work done gives greater satisfaction to the worker, as not being the price of life. All who are interested in the welfare of the seamstress should visit the show-rooms of the company, at 189, Regent-street, where every information relative to the machines can be obtained.—[Advertisement.]

HORNIMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and is a welcome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THERE has been more fighting in America. The battle of the 18th is thus described in a despatch of that date in the *New York Tribune*:—

"An attack on the enemy's right was to have been made at an early hour this morning. But on examining the ground in that vicinity it was found to be unfavourable for the handling of the army. So the plan was changed, and at five o'clock this morning Hancock, supported by the 6th Corps on his right and Burnside on his left, advanced against the enemy's works. The rifle pits in front were those which had been abandoned by us; but they were filled with rebel sharpshooters, who were soon dislodged and driven through a second line and behind a thick and impenetrable abatis, which was of a most formidable character. On examination it was deemed best not to attempt charging through this barrier, and the troops fell back in good order, although exposed to a galling fire of shell and canister from both flanks. Our loss in the movement was considerable, being about 800 in killed and wounded, among whom were Colonel Murphy, commanding the Corcoran Legion, wounded; Lieutenant Colonel De Laoy, 164th New York, wounded in the bowels; and other officers. Burnside's corps were partly engaged, and lost of the above number about one-fourth. The Corcoran Legion acted like veterans, and kept their ground for over an hour under a very hot fire. An attack was made by the enemy on the left in the afternoon, where Warren was posted, but our batteries soon drove the enemy back and silenced their guns. All was quiet at six o'clock in the evening."

General Lee has issued an order congratulating his troops on having achieved a "series of successes," announcing the defeat of the Federal forces under Bigel and Averil, in Western Virginia; the defeat of Banks in Louisiana, and of Steele in Arkansas; and claiming that "every demonstration of the Federals south of the James River has been successfully repelled," the order concludes:—

"Encouraged by the success that has been vouchsafed to us, and stimulated by the great interests that depend upon the issue, let every brave man resolve to endure all and brave all until, by the assistance of a just and merciful God, the enemy shall be driven back, and peace be restored to our country. Continue to emulate the valour of your comrades who have fallen, and remember that it depends upon you whether they shall have died in vain. It is in your power, under God, to defeat the last great effort of the enemy, establish the independence of your native land, and earn the lasting love and gratitude of your countrymen, and the admiration of mankind."

The following is the official version of a Confederate attack upon Butler on the 16th:—

"Under cover of a dense fog, the Confederates made a furious attack upon General Butler's right wing, crushing it in with serious loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. General Hickman was made a prisoner by the Confederates, and his brigade was nearly all killed, wounded, or captured. After forcing back the right, the Confederates made an attack on the entire line of the 18th Corps. The battle raged furiously for four hours; the 18th Corps was forced back, but an attack on the 10th Corps was handsomely repulsed. The Federal army finally fell back, and at latest accounts occupied a strongly entrenched position at Bermuda Hundred. An assault by Beauregard's forces was daily expected. The Federal losses on the 16th were from 2,500 to 4,000 and the Confederate loss is thought to have been greater. Beauregard's force is estimated at 25,000 strong, and was throwing up works immediately in front of Butler's position. The demonstration against Fort Darling has been abandoned."

THE GREAT ROTHCHILD.

NOTWITHSTANDING his aversion to ordinary life, Nathan Rothschild was fond of showing his wealth in luxurious entertainments and sumptuous banquets, to which he invited the aristocracy of rank and birth—though not that of talent. Peers and princes of the blood sat at his table; bishops and archbishops bowed before him; and those who preached loudest against Mammon were foremost in worshipping the successful representative of the golden guinea. At his grand entertainments, Nathan, who was really a very uneducated man, and scarcely able to write, covered his ignorance by an affected brusquerie of speech and manner which, though it imposed on some, made him extremely ludicrous in the eyes of others. Thus he was a constant mark for the satirists of the day. His huge and slovenly appearance; the lounging attitude he assumed when leaning against his pillar at the Royal Exchange; his rugged speech, with strongly marked Jewish accent and idiom, made caricature easy, and gave him up an helpless victim to his enemies. Of these he had many—some of them created, no doubt, by envy—but also a large number of others whom he had ruined, or who had fancied themselves ruined by him. Few weeks passed in the latter part of his career without his receiving threatening letters, informing him that unless he should deposit a certain sum of money at a given place he would be shot, or poisoned, or, more liberally, blown up in his house in Piccadilly. These threats sometimes took such an effect upon Nathan Rothschild as to haunt him like a nightmare. One day, two tall, mustachioed men—it must be remembered, that this was the anti-mustachioed period—were shown into his private parlour at the St. Swithin's-lane counting-house. Nathan bowed; the visitors bowed. Nathan arose; and his bearded visitors moved close up to him, their hands fumbling about in the pockets of their great-coats. Nathan saw it at a glance—the mustachioed fellows had come to shoot him, their hands searching for deadly weapons in their pockets. Quick as lightning, Nathan took up his brass-bound ledger, and hurled it at the heads of the strangers, at the same screaming "Murder!" in a paroxysm of fright. The screams brought all the clerks and porters of the house into the sanctum of the millionaire. Explanations took place, when it was discovered that the two mustachioed strangers were rich bankers from abroad, who, with a little nervous anxiety in the presence of the Caesar of the Stock Exchange, had fumbled in their pockets for letters of introduction and other necessary credentials. "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothchild," said once a gentleman sitting at Nathan's banquet-table, and glancing around at the superb appointments of the mansion of his host. "Happy!—me happy!" was the reply. "What! happy, when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, 'If you do not send me £500, I will blow your brains out!' Happy! me happy!" Instead of with his wife, Nathan frequently slept with a pair of loaded pistols by his side. Poor Nathan!—*Railway News.*

AN EFFICIENT RIFLE CORPS.—The following letter has been received from the War-office by Colonel Wright, Commandant of the Nottingham Robin Hood Rifles:—"London, May 31.—Dear Colonel Wright,—I was at the War-office this morning after seeing you, where the authorities were so much pleased with the general appearance of your corps on Saturday last that I am authorized to tell you that, unless you wish to the contrary, the Robin Hood Rifles need undergo no inspection this year beyond attending the review at Doncaster.—Believe me, yours very truly, G. B. HARMAN."

KENDALL'S STOMACH AND LIVER PILLS contain dandelion, chamomile, rhubarb, and other vegetable agents on which remove indigestion, bile, pain in the chest, sick headache, wind, giddiness, acidity, and all stomach and liver disorders. Price 1d. of any chemist, or by post fourteen stamps. Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road London.—[Advertisement.]

THE GREAT PRIZE OF PARIS.

THE race for the Great Prize of Paris bids fair to rival the Derby in interest, and especially if it be remembered that the interest of a Derby-day is not confined to the exploits of the course. As yet the great French race is in its infancy. It was run last year for the first time, but although it is still of tender age—although many English men and women who rejoice in the spectacle of our Epsom games have never even heard of it, the institution has at once asserted its pre-eminence, and has come to be regarded as one of the chief attractions of the racing year. How could it be otherwise, considering the splendour of the prize and the charms of the race-course? There is no such prize offered on any known field. What the winner of the Derby carries off is not in the strict sense a prize; it is a sweepstake. A certain sum of money is subscribed by the owner of every horse entered for the race, and to that sum there is nothing added. In the great French race the winner carries off not only the stakes which have been subscribed for 126 horses (which, by the way, is about half the number of entries for the Derby), but also a work of art offered by the Emperor, and £4,000 in money offered by the City of Paris and five railway companies. The contention for this magnificent prize takes place on the finest course in the world, within easy distance of the most pleasant of all cities. Suppose a beautiful race-course, arranged with the rare skill that Frenchmen show in administration, surrounded with fine scenery, honoured as Ascot is by the presence of the Court, and situated, as it were, in Holland-park, not far from the heart of London—what could be more perfect? If the French have evinced the enthusiasm of the Derby-day, they may now boast that they have established near their metropolis an equestrian festival which, as far as the mere framework goes, worthily rivals our own. It says something for the great race that there were no less than 126 entries for it; but surely it is disappointing that of these only five ran. If English horses were scarce, English victors were plenty, and seemed to have the most business on their hands all over the course. Especially upon them devolved the business of cheering the Emperor and his press. They crowded about the box in which Napoleon III stood conspicuous, and cheered him in a manner from which the French themselves held aloof. When the ladies in lovely toilettes heard a commotion in the neighbourhood of the imperial box, and turned to their lords for an explanation of the excitement to which they began to feel attracted, these lords turned round with imperturbable coolness to explain that it was only those foolish English who were making a noise about the Emperor. Noise or no noise they crowded about his box, and gazed with English pertinacity on the imperial pair. With some of the English, indeed, the sight of the Emperor seemed to eclipse that of the race. One English dame we heard quarrelling with her spouse because, in order to see the Emperor, he would not throw away the chances of a good place from which he could see the grand contest of the day.

The recent struggle for the Derby, which ended in the victory of Blair Athol, detracted to some extent from the interest of the French race. There were few persons who did not believe that the Derby winner's superiority over all colts of the same age was firmly established, and if he really were the horse which he seemed to be, then there could be little doubt as to the issue of the French race, provided it were fairly run. No great hopes were entertained of his chief antagonist, who had, nevertheless, proved herself the best filly of her year, and indeed, the running of this animal and not only of her, but also of other horses belonging to the Comte de Lagrange, as Hospodar, Stradella, and Jarnicot, had provoked so much criticism that many who expected to see Fille de l'Air beaten were much helped to that thought by their wishes. The performances of this mare have been, to say the least of it, unsatisfactory. She had, during the spring, lost the Two Thousand Guineas, for which she was first favourite, and she lost, also, the corresponding race in France. Yet, immediately afterwards, she won the French Oaks, or, as they call it, the Prize of Diana, with ridiculous ease, and, but a few days back, she won our own Oaks without any trouble. On the occasion of the last-named victory our neighbours across the Channel were puzzled to understand what could be the meaning of the demonstration against the winner, and the question was asked, "Is this the result of the Commercial Treaty, that these English cannot brook the success of a French horse?" Our continental friends have since then been enlightened, and now we believe that, in spite of the stupidities of some of the Paris papers, which harp on the revenge of Waterloo, achieved by Fille de l'Air, and vainly imagine that the English can be jealous of a horse bred from English parents simply because it has led on French corn and is owned by a French subject, they begin to understand that the anger of the English mob was directed, not against the success of a French horse, but against the success of a horse whose previous performances had been most unaccountable. The only other competitor who was supposed to have something of a chance was Bois Roussel, the winner of the French Derby, in honour of whom Mademoiselle Isabelle, the well-known flower girl at all the French races, wore the colours of M. Delamarre. Bois Roussel is a heavy-looking horse, from whom although it was supposed that he can stay well, not much was expected; and still less did his stable companion and half brother, Vermont, excite great expectations. Vermont was known, indeed, as the winner of the Prix de Printemps—a race run on precisely the same course as that of the great race of Sunday last, but that was his only known public performance, and it was not regarded as sufficient to establish his character. In point of fact it had so little established his character, that his owner, M. Delamarre, apparently did not expect to win upon him, but put him into the race to favour the running and make a speed that ultimately would tell in favour of Bois Roussel when it would be time enough for the latter to go forward and win.

The horses got off at the first start, Vermont leading, and Blair Athol bidding his time behind. That Vermont should lead was precisely what the public expected. They regarded Bois Roussel as the better horse, and supposed that it was the business of Vermont to make the running for his stable companion. The conclusion which was drawn from the position of the horses, as they passed the stand, was that if either of M. Delamarre's horses was to win it would certainly be the hindmost. As they went round the first turn by the mill, Vermont still held the foremost place, but whereas hitherto Bois Roussel had followed next, Baronello being third, the last of these now for a time took the second place, Bois Roussel dropt into the third place, while Fille de l'Air remained as from the start, fourth, and Blair Athol last. Very much in this order the race continued up to the gently undulating distance which may be called a hill, and the only point which need be particularly specified is that Baronello soon gave way, and lost all chance of coming again into the race. At the top of the hill the pace, which had before been indifferent, improved, and Fille de l'Air rushed to the front, she and Vermont coming on by themselves down the hill at the bottom of which Blair Athol joined them. Here, for a second or two, the anticipations which unlearned men would have formed from the betting seemed about to be realized; inasmuch as the two favourites appeared to be going faster than Vermont, who was nevertheless still leading. The emotion excited by this advance was only transitory, as Fille de l'Air was almost instantaneously disposed of, and Chalonier's pursuit of the leader was, in less time than we take to mention the fact, discovered to be futile. Nothing daunted, however, he continued his efforts to the half distance, when perfidious Albion was fain to acknowledge herself beaten, and Vermont, who continued without faltering the same magnificent action which had characterized his running through-

out, won easily at the last by two lengths. Whether the extra three furlongs over and above the Derby Course did or did not prove fatal to Blair Athol's chance, we do not here attempt to decide; but the facts remain that at the Derby distance he looked as like a winner as anything could well be, and that when that distance was overpassed he was practically disposed of.

It may be supposed that the result of the great race produced astonishing excitement. The crowd rushed to the judge's chair to hear the name of the winner, but being too excited in the belief that it was Bois Roussel, had no ears for anything but their own responding shouts. They shouted, waved their hats, turned to the Emperor, and cheered him and Vermont in the name of France. The crush at this point was tremendous, the roar of the huzzas rent the air, and the Emperor bowed in acknowledgment of the glory of victory. "C'est magnifique! c'est magnifique!" were the only words heard on French lips for the rest of the day. Ladies and gentlemen, as they accosted each other, all said, without exception, "C'est magnifique!" Not content with cheering, clapping their hands, and crying, "magnifique!" they blessed Blair Athol, and Chalonier who rode him, with a right good will. There was a perfect storm of blows, the meaning of which could not be mistaken. It was, of course, a bitter explosion of rage against England, which in the moment of victory might well have been spared, even if there was just cause for it.

THE OCEAN MATCH TO HARWICH.

NEVER since yachting was first established in the Thames has so fine a fleet been seen together at once for match-sailing purposes as that which assembled in the Hope, below Gravesend, on Saturday, for the purpose of competing for an eighty guinea prize, offered by the Royal Thames Yacht Club for schooners and yawls, and another of the value of fifty guineas for cutters. No less than twenty-seven had entered, and the following appeared at the starting buoy:—

Glance, cutter, 36 tons, G. W. Charlwood; Vindex, cutter, 45, A. Duncan; Surge, cutter, 52, W. W. F. Hay; Zigan, cutter, 54, J. T. Powell; Volante, cutter, 60, H. C. Maudslayi; Marina, cutter, 65, J. C. Morice; Astarte, cutter, 75, T. Seddon; Hospodar, schooner, 83, T. Marriott-Dodginton; Amber Witch, yawl, 51, Captain H. Bacon; Agattine, schooner, 65, H. Chamler; Clyde, schooner, 64, Captain F. S. Clarkson; Madcap, schooner, 71, J. S. Abbott Danbar; Madae, schooner, 70, W. J. Ridout; Whirlwind, yawl, 77, A. Fox; Fleur de Lys, schooner, 77, H. W. Birch; Solante, schooner, 81, H. Bridson; Water Lily, yawl, 105, Commodore Lord A. Paget, M.P.; Albion, schooner, 110, J. R. Tetley; Zoraida, schooner, 155, W. J. Pawan; Albertine, schooner, 155, Right Hon. Lord Londesborough; Zoe, schooner, 162, Sir Bruce Chichester, Bart.

The whole of the above were Royal Thames clipper except the Amber Witch and Zoraida—the former belonging to the Royal Yacht Club, and the latter to the squadron. Schooners had availed themselves of the permission to hoist their mainsail and foresail, yawls their mainsail and mizzen, and cutters their mainsail; and on the instant the start was given the head sails were all up very quickly, and everything was off very trim except the Fleur de Lys, which could not get her mainsail properly set till they were full a mile on their journey towards Harwich Harbour. The wind was light, from N. by E., a reaching wind to the Mause, and they started with a little over an hour's ebb to spare. The Glance was smartest among the cutters, and the Albertine, notwithstanding her enormous dimensions, among the schooners, but the order of all could not fairly be taken until they had got some distance into Sea Reach, and were abreast of the Chapman Head Beacon, when the Glance was observed leading the cutters by a long distance, Volante being well ahead of Surge, who was just ahead of the Vindex, the latter being to leeward. The yawls Whirlwind and Water Lily, cutters Marina and Astarte, and the schooner Albertine followed in close order, and then came the Zigan, Madcap, Amber Witch, and the rest of the fleet well up. Abreast of Southend Pier, this order had slightly altered. Astarte drawing on to the leading cutters just before the Upper Black Tail Buoy. The Albertine, as the wind strengthened, becoming first in her class, followed by the Whirlwind, Water Lily, Madcap, Amber Witch, Fleur de Lys, and others. Marina was now picking up the cutters, and all were drawing who liked plenty of wind, but it did not last strong any length of time, and the Albertine lost her lead to the Whirlwind in another mile. Below this point again the Volante made the first board for the stretch out into the broader part of the ocean, and being quickly copied by the others, it became a dead heat down all the way against the early flood, and with very little wind. Two distinct races were now going on—viz., one between the Volante and Glance, and the other between Vindex and Surge, till unfortunately the Glance and Surge hung on the sand, and both the Volante and Vindex passed their opponents, the Astarte creeping up again. Nothing of import now occurred for some time, except that Astarte and Vindex had a fine race, and the headmost vessels passed the Mause at nine o'clock, the Glance trying repeatedly to go through the Volante's lee, but being stopped. The Vindex was now drawing on her opponents, when unfortunately she went ashore, and was quite out of the race, and the Surge now became third boat, the Glance, as they approached the Maplin Light, drawing again fast on the Volante, who was very slow in ways. The Maplin Light was passed at 10.30, the cutters preserving the same order, and Whirlwind leading the schooner division, with Madcap, Water Lily, Amber Witch, and Albertine, all of a cluster. At the Swin Middle the Volante increased her lead, Glance being a quarter of a mile ahead of Surge, and Astarte and Marina nearly the same distance apart. A capital race between the Surge and Astarte was now going on, the latter ultimately passing her opponent, and subsequently weathering on the Glance into first place. Before they finished, however, Glance regained her position, and there was never sufficient wind to send the Albertine along. The others mainly kept the same order, and the yachts finally passed the mark boat in Harwich Harbour as under:—

	H.	M.	S.
Volante	3	6	15
Glance	3	19	5
Astarte	3	19	38
Whirlwind	3	34	15
Surge	3	34	17
Madcap	3	51	30

Water Lily headed the rear rank, who were a long way astern. The Volante consequently won the prize for cutters, and the Whirlwind that for the schooners. The race was accompanied by the Queen of the Thames (Captain Mills), which left London-bridge at two in the morning; the Samphire (London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company) followed them, and they were met by the Avon from Harwich Harbour when near the Spit.

TWO-SHAFTED PAIR GOLD PENCIL CASES, two and a quarter inches long, with reserve of 1000, real gold seal, set rings to a lock it to chain, free to return for twenty-eight stamps. Upwards of 100 have been already sold. Gold Locks for portraits by incrusting variety, from 2s. 6d. to 70s. The sweetest and prettiest assortment of Fine Gold Hair-rings in London, from 2s. to 70s. Also Chams, from 25s. to 41s. Ladies' Gold Chains, from 25s. to 41s.; a great variety from two to four guineas. Jewellery of every description. Country orders must contain Post-office order or stamps. Parker, 1, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. (Advertisement.)
NO HOME COMPLETS without a WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Prospectus free on application at 185, Regent-street. (Advertisement.)

CHARGE OF CONSPIRING TO DEFRAUD.

At the Guildhall Police-court, on Saturday, John Magarigle, having offices at Farringdon-road, and William Buchanan, were summoned before Sir Robert W. Carden, for conspiring to defraud Edwin Groves of the sum of £300.

Mr Lewis appeared on the part of the prosecution; Mr. Beard for Broughton; and Mr. Buchanan for Magarigle.

Broughton did not appear, and Mr. Beard put in a medical certificate stating that he was incapacitated through "illness." It was admitted, however, that he was in town on Thursday for several hours conducting his ordinary business.

Mr Lewis, in opening the case, said the defendant Magarigle was well known to the court, having been brought before it no less than three times, and always in connexion with the most notorious gangs of swindlers in London. He was known under several aliases, such as Thompson, Smith, Barry and Co., and was at the present time in connexion with many other houses of the same description as the agency which had ensnared his client—one of which was carried on under the name of Vassal and Co, 37, Essex-street, Strand.

Edwin Groves said: I live at Argyle Lodge, Upper Norwood. In March last, in consequence of seeing an advertisement in the newspapers, I went to No. 1, Farringdon-road, when I saw the defendant, who calls himself an advertising and employment agent. I said I wanted a situation as traveller, clerk, or anything else that would suit me. He asked me if I had any capital to deposit as a guarantee for my honesty? I told him no, and he then asked me for a fee of 5s. for registering my name, and said he would write to me and let me know when he heard of a berth which would suit me. I paid the fee; he then said that if I had any capital to invest as cash security he could soon get me a place, or words to that effect. Afterwards I had a letter from him, enclosing the address, consisting of initials of a certain party who was said to be in want of a clerk; the letter also said that if I did not obtain the situation I was to send the letter back to them, and my name should still remain on the list for the original fee which I had paid. I did not obtain an answer even, and I then returned the letter as requested. In March last I went again to Magarigle's office and saw him. I then told him that I had £300 which I had borrowed from my friends. In about two minutes he said that he was connected with a Mr. Broughton in publishing a paper called the *Sydenham Chronicle* and it would be just the thing for me. He also said he had invested £800 of his own money in it, and he knew it was good. He informed me that Mr. Broughton was preparing offices at Norwood, and had taken a house there for the house and estate agency business. The defendant gave Mr. Broughton an excellent character; he said he was well known and respected by the clergy and gentry within ten miles round the neighbourhood where he lived. He also said he had known Broughton four or five months. He then proposed that I should meet him at his office, in order that he might take me to Sydenham, and introduce me to Broughton. I met him as requested on the 24th of March, and the promised introduction took place. During the interview Magarigle left to visit a lady who wrote articles for the paper, and after driving about with Broughton in a pony chaise I called for the defendant and returned to town with him, paying him £5 as a deposit before leaving him. On the 31st March I again called and saw Magarigle in company with Broughton. During that interview I paid the defendant £100 on Broughton's account, and on the 14th of April I went again and paid £200 more, an agreement being entered into between myself, Magarigle and Broughton, guaranteeing me £150 and two-and-a-half per cent. on the advertisements in the paper, and a further share according to the profits. That agreement was only signed by Broughton and myself. I was then advised to take a house at Norwood, and let it out so that I might live rent free. On the faith of the representations made to me I took a house, and married, but up to the present time I have had neither employment nor salary from Mr. Broughton. He has often put me off with excuses as to the house he was going to take not being ready, but in fact he has no printing office at Norwood, nor any agency business, neither has he taken any house for the purpose of establishing one. When I remonstrated with him he told me that with the exception of £5 he had received nothing of the £300 from Magarigle, who was not a proprietor of the *Sydenham Chronicle*, and had not advanced any money to establish it. My salary was to have commenced on the 21st of April, but I have not applied for it, as there had been no work for me to do. On my saying, when Magarigle and Broughton were at my house on Sunday last that I was determined to have my £300 on the Monday, an interview was proposed for that day with a view to an amicable arrangement, but when the time arrived Broughton did not attend. Magarigle pretended great indignation, and wrote a letter to Broughton which he read to me, saying he was disgusted with him. I afterwards communicated with my solicitor.

Another witness was then heard, from whom £50 had been obtained by similar means.

Mr Lewis then asked for a remand, and Mr. Buchanan applied for bail to be taken.

Sir Robert W. Carden decided on taking the defendant's own recognizances in £300, and two securities in £250 each, and twenty-four hours' notice of service.

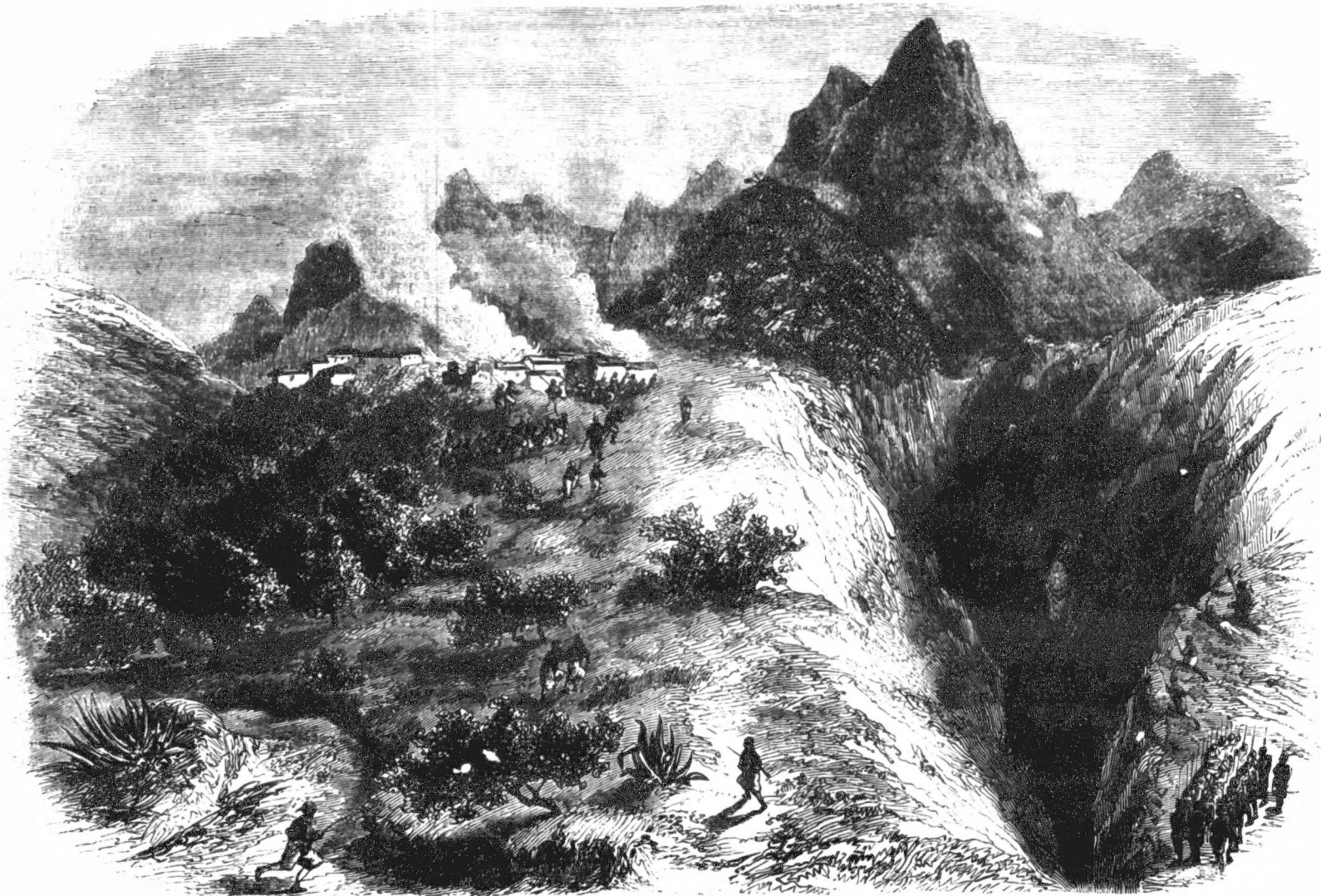
Mr. Wm. Henry Robinson said he was chief clerk in the inquiry department of Messrs. Stubbs' Mercantile Agency. He had known the defendant for the last five years as connected with the principal swindling gangs in London, and there was scarcely a day without complaints against the defendant for swindling poor fellows out of all they possessed; in fact, in some days there were as many as five or six complaints.

Magarigle offered four persons as bail during the day, and none were accepted; he was, consequently, removed to Newgate, amidst the yells and groans of those who had collected outside the court to see him go.

CHILDREN ATTACKED BY RATS.—At Tewkesbury during the nights of last week the children of Alfred Smith, marine-store dealer, in Smith's-lane, were twice attacked in their beds by rats. On one occasion an infant, eighteen months old, was severely bitten, and on the other two older children were awakened from sleep, and their father, alarmed by their cries, found them bitten in different parts and bleeding profusely. Some adjoining cottages have lately been taken down, and the sewer to the Avon is near at hand, which accounts for the presence of the vermin in Smith's house.—*Manchester Courier*.

THE PRUSSIAN LOSSES IN THE LATE CAMPAIGN.—The total loss of the Prussian troops during the late campaign is calculated from official sources at 116 officers, 218 sub-officers, 46 bandmen, and 1,692 privates killed and wounded, with 9 officers and 117 sub-officers bandmen, and privates taken prisoners. More than half the latter are cavalry, the 8th Hussars in particular having contributed a large proportion. Five of the captured officers and many of the men are included in the number of the wounded. 28 officers were killed in action or died immediately after of their wounds, a missing of 1 major general (Von Raven) 2 majors (Von Jens and Von Beeren), 3 captains, 4 first-lieutenants, and 18 second-lieutenants. The total Prussian loss may be broadly estimated at 120 officers and about 1,800 men.

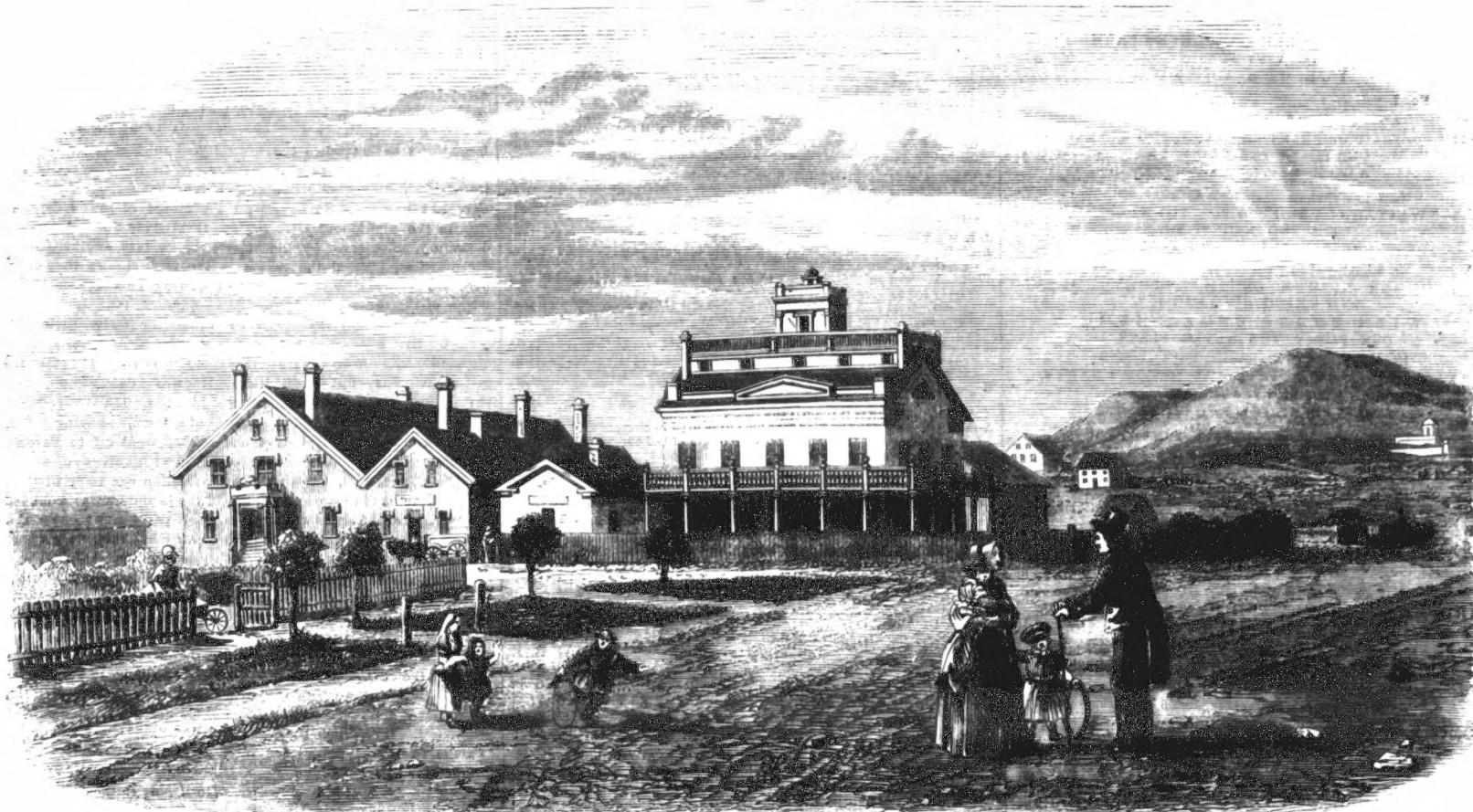
A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils, and Pens, Binding-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 24 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers. (Advertisement.)



THE INSURRECTION IN ALGERIA.—ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE INSURGENTS. (See page 823.)



THE INSURRECTION IN ALGERIA.—GENERAL DELIGNY AND HIS FORCES. (See page 823.)



THE MORMONS.—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HOUSE IN THE GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

THE MORMONS.

A LARGE number of the disciples of Joe Smith left South Wales last week en route for the Salt Lake, or "the land of paradise," as they term it. An elder who has once been an inhabitant of Utah accompanies the credulous people on their long and dangerous journey. A considerable number are still left behind, and it is rather a remarkable fact that Wales, which is supposed to be the stronghold of Dissent, has been a more prolific field for Mormonism than any other part of the kingdom.

We here present our readers with two sketches in the Great Salt Lake City. Brigham Young's house, which cost 30,000 dollars, is, of course, the best in the city, and, as will be seen from our view of it, is of considerable size. From fifteen to twenty of his wives live in it. Mr. Hyde, who has written one of the best books relative to the Mormons, gives the following account, eminently characteristic of Brigham's method of getting work done; and, as it relates to the house, we may repeat it:—"At a Sunday meeting in the tabernacle, Brigham announced that he had a mission for all the carpenters, and demanded if they would accept it. They raised their hands, and were then coolly commanded to shingle the Zion House, in the name of the Lord, and by the

authority of the holy priesthood.' So Brigham's Zion House was shingled; for, although the carpenters grumbled, still they obeyed."

In our street view we have, to the left, the Council House, a two-storied building, 45 feet square. At the time our sketch was taken this was the printing and publishing office of the *Deseret News*, the Mormon newspaper, and was used as the "Endowment House," or place where the saints were initiated into the genuine Mormon mysteries. The endowment is a singular medley of swearing, mummerly, obscenity, and profanity.

The Tabernacle, of which we get a glimpse in our view, will hold about 2,000 persons, and the Mormons to this number meet here every Sunday to listen to orations from the "First Presidency," and the other great men. They are served with a kind of mental poison, and devour with a relish things too bad to mention.

Prior to the breaking out of the American war another crusade was to have been made against the Great Salt Lake City, and the Mormons were in great fear of being driven from their "holy" city. The prolongation of the war, however, has given the Mormons several years of quietude which they little expected, and during which period the city has grown larger, and great additions to their ranks have been made by new batches of converts con-

tinually being induced to venture on the great journey, through the plausibility of Mormon missionaries and elders. These latter are now a numerous body, and they work upon the credulity of the humbler ranks with the utmost assiduity.

We shall take another opportunity of giving further views of the Salt Lake City and the road to Utah.

A GOOD HEAD FOR A SOLDIER.—An American paper (the *Alexandria Sentinel*) gives details of the case of a New York volunteer who was hit in the head by a spent ball at Mine Run in November, but the surgeon on repeated probing failed to discover any ball, and the man's general health continued very good, notwithstanding occasional pain. In April, however, the pains became more frequent and severe, and he returned to the hospital, and the surgeon probing the wound found the ball, and promised to extract it next day. Suddenly in the meantime the ball shifted its position, and the man would have been choked but for the arrival of the surgeon, who then extracted it with ease. For five months the soldier had been carrying in his head a grape shot (iron) about four inches in circumference, and weighing nearly half a pound.



THE MORMONS.—A STREET IN THE GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

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TWO OR THREE COMPLETE PLAYS
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MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM, "THE TEMPEST,"
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WITH THREE ENGRAVINGS.
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No. 4, published on Wednesday, May 4, contains
"KING HENRY IV," FIRST AND SECOND PARTS.
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 5, published on Wednesday, May 11, contains
"KING HENRY V" AND "KING HENRY VI,"
FIRST PART.
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 6, published on Wednesday, May 18, contains
"KING HENRY VI," SECOND AND THIRD PARTS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 7, published on Wednesday, May 25, contains
"KING RICHARD III," AND "KING HENRY VIII."
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 8, published on Wednesday, June 1st, contains
"KING LEAR" AND "ROMEO AND JULIET."
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 9, published on Wednesday, June 8, contains
"COMEDY OF ERRORS," "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,"
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miracle of beauty and of cheapness.

ORDER BY MAIL.—On Wednesday, April 27th, Number I was issued in an
Illustrated coloured wrapper, containing the Portrait of Hogarth, and the
first two Pictures of the Series entitled *Marriage à la Mode*, with four large
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chapter to the last.

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* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address.
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

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313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
News from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single
number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr.
DICKS, so as to receive the Journal direct from the office. A Quarter's
subscription is 2s. 6d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly re-
quested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-
carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be
indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps
cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that
we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our cor-
respondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information them-
selves.

J. L. B.—You may do so with safety. The party is highly respectable.
J. W. W.—Send us your address, and we will forward you the name of a re-
spectable London solicitor.

W. T.—You can purchase popaine at any chemist's; and it is said to be a
remedy for a deficiency of gastric juice.
STRAWING.—Gold coin was introduced by Edward III in six-shilling pieces,
nearly equal in size to our present sovereign. Nobles followed at 6s. 8d.,
hence the lawyer's fee.

S. O.—The omission to register the birth of the child will not affect his legal
right to a share of the money in question. A certificate of his baptism and
proper evidence of his identity will be all that is requisite.

E. W.—The captain of the volunteer company has no special power over the
portion of Government grant; nor could you institute any claim for a
share in the balance if you left the corps.

A. C.—Brazen eagles or lecterns have long been used in churches for the read-
ing of the lessons. We do not know the origin of the custom, nor yet that
of the other matter you mention.

M. G.—The husband is his wife's heir, and consequently inherits any prop-
erty she may have possessed, unless it were otherwise settled at the
marriage, or unless she made a will otherwise disposing of it.

O. P.—An ordinary case of divorce costs about £80; but if there be many
witnesses and the affair is complicated, it will cost more. See answer to
J. W. W.

T. W. (Weida).—Apply at once, tender the interest; and should they say
the article is sold, demand to look at the books to know the amount it
realised. You can claim the balance, less the interest. Should they
refuse, apply to a magistrate.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		E. W. L. B.	
D.	D.			A. M.	P. M.
11	St. Barnabas	6 16	6 38
12	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	6 59	7 22
13	Trinity Term ends	7 47	8 17
14	Sun. rises, 3h 45m; sets, 8h 14m	8 49	9 21
15	Magna Charta signed, 1215	9 51	10 22
16	Duke of Marlborough died, 1722	10 53	11 24
17	John Wesley born, 1743	11 54	—

Moon's changes.—First Quarter 12th, 12h. 48m. a. m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
1 Samuel 2; St. Mark, 12. 1 Samuel 3; 2 Cor. 9.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

INTELLIGENCE from America is so far favourable to the Federals
that it leaves Grant and his army a few miles nearer Richmond
than before. That much is undoubted; but the advantage, such
as it is, was not obtained by any success in the field, nor is it quite
certain that it is due even to Federal strategy. In favour of the
Federals there is this plain fact—that they are gradually, though
slowly, advancing upon Richmond with an army which, if we are
to believe Mr. Stanton, is at this minute, after all its prodigious
losses, as strong as at the opening of the campaign. They may
not have actually won a single battle; indeed, if repulse is defeat,
they have lost half-a-dozen. But, though repulsed, they
have never been discouraged; and though even Grant
himself, with all his obstinacy, was compelled from sheer
exhaustion to suspend operations for a week together, yet he
did go on again as soon as rest and reinforcements enabled him to
move. His strategy, as simple as that of Blucher, is comprised in
the word "Forward," and he gives no sign of abandoning it for
a more circumspect policy. For the Confederates, however, it may
be replied that they, too, have carried out their plans with complete
success. The policy of the Southern general may be easily
divined from his proceedings. It consists in luring on the enemy
from one strong position to another at the utmost possible cost, so
as to exhaust his army before the end of the expedition can be
reached. Hitherto the campaign has been made steadily to con-
duce to the accomplishment of this object. Never was ground
sold at a dearer rate than the few miles between the
Rapidan and the North Anna which Grant has traversed.
If Lee can continue to exact the same price, Grant may lose his
army twice over before catching sight of Richmond. All this
while, too, the Confederate general has executed his movements at
his own time and with the utmost deliberation. Unless his right
was really "turned" by this "flank movement" of Grant, he has
never been driven to a single step against his will. His only
failure has been in endeavouring to turn the tables upon his adver-
sary. More than once he has so far presumed upon his success in
repulsing the enemy as to become the assailant himself, and then
he, too, found the work too hard for him. Grant cannot beat Lee,
nor Lee beat Grant—a signal proof, if any now were needed,
of the evenness of the conflict and the hopelessness of the war.
Supposing, however, that operations should be continued in this
fashion, Grant must some day reach Richmond; in fact, though he
has never won a victory, he is half-way there already. His adver-
sary is unconquered, and is always a match for him in a fight, but
he gains ground. Under some impulse or other Lee continually
retires, and Grant as steadily advances. If the Federal army can
be fed with sufficient reinforcements, Richmond will be reached at
last; but to what purpose? The expedition has cost the Federals
60,000 men already; but these losses, Mr. Stanton tells us, have
never been made good. At the same rate of expenditure, 60,000
more will be sacrificed before the siege of Richmond can be com-
menced, and how is such a chess to be filled? Grant is not get-
ting much assistance from his colleagues. Butler is himself be-
sieged in his entrenchments, and is thought to be in some danger.
He occupies Beauregard, and detains a certain number of troops
who might otherwise be despatched to the assistance of Lee; but
more than this he does not pretend to do, and it seems doubtful if

he can do this long. If his position should be forced, and Beau-
regard's army be disengaged for service elsewhere, it may go hard
with Grant.

The work of reforming boys who, from any cause, have exposed
themselves to the punishment of crime, is not one which neces-
sarily forces itself upon public attention. It is a slow and tedious
business, requiring to be carried on for the most part in shade and
seclusion. Accordingly we hear very little of well-conducted re-
formatories, except when the necessity of raising funds leads to
an appeal to the public and to meetings of friends, generally col-
lected with difficulty. The recent disturbances at Mount St.
Bernard began on a Sunday, with the escape of four lads, who
rose in the night, and after letting themselves down from the
dormitory, unobserved by the officers, broke into another part of
the premises, dressed themselves in the best clothes they could
find, and made their escape. On the following Tuesday nearly the
whole of the criminal inmates, 180 in number, rose in mutiny,
not only refusing to work or otherwise obey their su-
periors, but attacking and severely beating the few well-
disposed lads who were ready to do so. If this in-
surrection was not irresistible, it was deemed so, and
the place was at the mercy of the mutineers. We
are informed that about fifty of them, having first
armed themselves with knives and sticks, went off to Bardon,
a neighbouring village, where they attacked with knives and stones
some labourers, who, knowing the clandestine character of their
visit, attempted to capture them; one of the labourers was wounded
severely. On the same evening, another party went out on a
pleasure trip. These young fellows knew what they were about
too well to run away; seventy of them returned, taunted and
defied the officers, were masters of the place, called for what they
chose, were supplied with it, and no want remaining ungratified,
went to bed. It is added, and we can well believe it, that if their
freak had ended here the public would never have heard of it. But
they were so unwise as to challenge the outer world. On the next
day after their saturnalia a party of them, who were in a field "at
work," saw a farmer whom they recognised as having assisted the
authorities against them, and fairly hunted him to the refuge of a
neighbouring inn, which they surrounded, demanding his delivery
to them by the landlord. On their request being refused they
smashed the windows of the house. It would be wearisome to follow
in detail the story of their outrages. On Friday in the same week
there was another general revolt, when as usual "the authorities
were paralysed," and the police were called in. Thirty lads were
looked up, and still more police were required, as "there were signs
of a formidable rising." An official inquiry is to be made into
these facts by the Home-office. Without anticipating its results,
which will no doubt show with great discrimination how the blame
of the scandalous occurrences ought to be distributed, we have no
hesitation in submitting to the public that the experiment of the
Mount St. Bernard Reformatory has been tried quite long enough.
No good purpose is answered, or likely to be answered, by its
existence. The cause of criminal reformation, at present en-
dangered and disgraced by its mismanagement, would be a gainer by
its immediate suppression. The pretence of reforming its inmates
can be kept up no longer. It has become a place for pampering
young scoundrels. The boys should at once be removed to some
place where they may learn that "the ways of transgressors are
hard." Every honest, industrious lad in the kingdom is wronged
while they are permitted to revel, as they have lately done, at the
public expense.

FEARFUL ARTILLERY ACCIDENT.

The D battery, 3rd brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, were out at
drill at Bellary (India) on the 5th of April last. They had just
galloped past in columns of half batteries left in front, when the
word "trot" was given. They had hardly broken into a trot when
the limber of No. 5, one of the three leading guns, exploded,
killing four men on the spot and wounding seven others; thirteen
horses wounded, three of which had to be shot on the spot. The
ground all round looked like a small battle-field after an action.
It was covered with pieces of flesh, uniform, and harness, and the
bodies of the poor fellows who were killed. Two were lying quite
close to the gun not much disfigured, and the two others were
about 100 yds off, where they had fallen, fearfully disfigured.
They were blown about eighty yards into the air. All that re-
mained of one poor fellow was his chest and head; arms and
everything else were gone. No cause can be assigned for the ex-
plosion. The limber boxes were filled with the regulated allowance
of ammunition, and had been packed in the presence of an officer
and sergeant on the 1st inst. No blame is attached to any one.
The remains of the poor fellows were followed to their last resting-
place by the whole of the artillery and a large number of the officers,
and men of the 2nd battalion 21st Fusiliers. The following is the list
of the men killed and wounded:—Killed—Gunnery Hickey, Heslon,
Townley, and Toohy. Wounded—Gunnery Mulcahy, Gower,
McMahon, Connor, Power, and Lindsay; Farrier-Sergeant Taylor
and Gunner Lydon, who had his bridle arm smashed at the wrist.
It has since been amputated. They are all doing well.
On our first page will be found an illustration of this shocking
catastrophe, from a sketch which was kindly forwarded to us.

REINFORCEMENTS LEAVING NEW YORK FOR THE ARMY.

The centre illustration of the Penny Illustrated Weekly News repre-
sents a regiment parading through the city previous to leaving for
the army of the Potomac. After General Grant's first attack upon
the Confederates, the secretary-of-war called out all the available
forces at New York and Washington to fill up the frightful gap
made in the Federal army. A New York regiment, 1,200 strong, was
one of the first to march; and a few hours before leaving, paraded the
chief streets, headed by a squadron of cavalry.

EXPLOSION OF A POWDER MAGAZINE AT TRIPOLI.

ADVISED from Tripoli state that an explosion of a powder magazine
had occurred there. Fifty houses, including the hospital, a fort,
the custom-house, and the adjoining factories, have been destroyed.
Ninety soldiers have been killed, thirty wounded, and twenty-
eight are missing. Of the inhabitants forty-seven are dead, and
200 wounded. Great excitement prevailed.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to
mail, free of charge, to all who desire it, a copy of the prescription by which
his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption
after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father.
Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary,
4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.

General News.

An execution, by the guillotine, of course, took place at Versailles. Philibert Henne, aged twenty-three, underwent the extreme punishment of the law for the murder of a certain Demesse, whom Henne had persuaded to make a will in his favour. The will being signed and sealed, Henne, a butcher by trade, murdered his victim, and cut his body up in order more easily to carry it away, and conceal it. Strange to say, the artistic manner in which this cutting up was performed led to the suspicion and discovery of the murderer. After his conviction he attempted suicide, and falling in that, fell into a sort of stupor, from which he really never recovered. He was taken almost in a state of coma to the scaffold; there the priest absolved and kissed him. Then there was a harsh creaking noise, and the head fell into the red basket, the headless trunk staggered to the earth, and all was over.

"The French title of Duke de Chatterault," says the *Gazette de France*, "claimed by several English families, has just been confirmed to the young Duke of Hamilton."

The announcement of the death of Sir John Watson Gordon will be universally received as that of a far more than local—a truly national loss. President of the Royal Scottish Academy and member of the Royal Academy, the honour due to his unrivalled eminence in his special department of his art was not less freely, nor with less pride in his genius, paid in England than in his native country, to which he, during his whole life, so lovingly and so beneficently clung. Reserving for a day more particular and due record of the career that has just closed, we can at present only pre-empt briefly its principal facts and dates. John Watson Gordon was born in Edinburgh some seventy-four years ago. He studied at the Academy of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufacture in Edinburgh. He early turned his attention to that branch of his art in which he has achieved so high a reputation. He first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1827, continuing to do so up to the present exhibition. In 1841 he was elected associate, and in 1851 member, of the Royal Academy. He has filled the chair of President of the Royal Scottish Academy, which owes to him so much of its vitality and its position, since the death of Sir W. Allan in 1850. In that year also he was appointed Limner to her Majesty for Scotland, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood. Sir John was unmarried.—*Scotsman*.

We are glad to learn that Lady Inglis, widow of the late General Sir John Inglis, the gallant defender of Lucknow, who lost his life from fever caught at Corfu, is to receive a pension of £500 from the Civil List. The popularity of Lord Palmerston is not likely to be diminished by this just tribute to the memory of a brave soldier who rendered good service to his country in time of need.

The Peruvian Government has purchased the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fine new steamer *Quito*, for something over £80,000.—*Liverpool Albion*.

The Marquis of Salisbury, as Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, gave his annual entertainment to the county magistrates, and the officers of the several regiments of militia, on Saturday evening, at his mansion in Arlington-street, Piccadilly. The entertainment was served up in the large banquetting room. There was a large attendance.

THE FRENCH CAMPAIGN IN ALGERIA.

In page 820 we gave two illustrations of the war in Algeria. A letter has been received by the editor of the *Semaphore* of Marseilles, dated Bône, in Algeria, the 23rd of May, describing what has taken place among the insurgent tribes of the Flittas. After the treachery of the Barrars, and the total destruction of the detachment commanded by Colonel Beaupre, the powerful tribe of the Flittas was excited by fanatical marabouts to rise in insurrection. Colonel Lapasset, who commands the sub-division of Mostaganem, was despatched, with 800 men, to Zamorah. On his arrival there the chiefs of the Flittas came to him and protested their devotedness to the French. Tactful being without troops, while General Deligny marched to attack the Barrars, Colonel Lapasset came there to protect the country. During his march he received a thousand professions of friendship. Having been replaced by the column under the command of General Martineau he was preparing to return to Zamorah, when some of the chiefs among the Flittas persuaded him to pass by the residence of the ancient Aga-Djelloul. It would be a little longer, they said, but his presence would produce a good effect, and would induce those who had been excited by the marabout Lazarek-el-adj to return to their duty. He believed the Arabs, and he quitted Taret on the 11th of May. On the 14th, after a long march, he encamped before the house of the Aga-Djelloul. A splendid supper was given to the entire troop and the Arabs were never more friendly. In the meantime the insurgents collected their forces and surrounded the camp. Not a Frenchman could have escaped, had it not been for a chief who remained faithful, and who came at midnight to apprize the colonel of what was passing. The colonel immediately assembled his officers; the men charged their muskets and prepared for the attack which was not made. It was still hoped that the Flittas, whose crops are magnificent, would not risk the consequences of an insurrection. The detachment commenced its march at four o'clock in the morning, having a company of riflemen in advance, commanded by Captain Bouneval. It was not long before the captain met numerous groups of Arabs, who insulted him, but did not attack. He took a position on a hill which commanded a view of the entire country, and waited for the main body of the French troops. The Arabs raised their war cry, and rushed with desperation on the flank of the column. They were received with a shower of grape-shot from two light pieces of cannon, and fled in disorder, while the column arrived at the hill occupied by the riflemen. In the meantime the Arabs who had the care of the baggage cut the girths of the mules which carried it, and it became necessary to abandon it to the insurgents. While the Arabs were pillaging the French arrived under cover of the fire of the troops left on the hill in the valley of the Mina. It became necessary to occupy all the positions right and left. Colonel Lapasset provided for everything, and the column, quite exhausted, continued its retreat harassed by from 17,000 to 18,000 armed Arabs. The insurgents pursued the French troops until three in the evening, when, exhausted themselves, they ceased firing. Colonel Lapasset arrived at seven in the evening at Simisbaet, about twelve miles from Bône. After having made preparations as if he were to pass the night there, he sent Captain Bouneval forward to secure a difficult pass. The Flittas surrounded the camp, as they did the preceding night, expecting to commence the attack in the morning; but when the moon set Colonel Lapasset commenced his march and reached the defile before the Arabs were aware of his movement, and he arrived at Bône at seven in the morning. The inhabitants of Bône offered a crown of laurels to Colonel Lapasset and a ration of wine to his men.

Despatches since received from Algeria mention several small engagements. General Deligny has repulsed the insurgent tribes in the south and east. Generals Lapasset and Rose are about to attack the enemy at Ammy and Mousa.

The *Moniteur* has published details of the victory obtained by General Jusut over the contingents of Djebel Amour, and says:—"The manoeuvres of the troops render it more difficult for the Arabs to keep up the insurrection. General Deligny foresees the time approaching when the insurrection will be forced to disperse. The insurgents renewed the attack on Ammy Mousa, but were repulsed."

THE YELVERTON CASE.

THE above celebrated case has come before the House of Lords.

The facts of the case are these. In 1852, the appellant, then Miss Maria Theresa Longworth, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Longworth, a gentleman stated by the appellant to be of ancient family and possessed of large property, became acquainted with the respondent, the Hon. Major William Charles Yelverton, the youngest son of Viscount Avonmore, then a major in the Royal Artillery, they being at that period both about twenty-seven years of age. The first meeting took place on board a steamboat, while making a passage between Boulogne and London, the lady alleging that she was introduced by her sister, at Boulogne, to some ladies on board who were friends of Major Yelverton, with whom she thus became acquainted; whereas Major Yelverton denied that any friends of his were on board at the time, and asserted that they began conversing without any introduction whatever, the acquaintance being due to the circumstance that her shawl fell off when the appellant happened to be near, and that he lifted it and assisted her to replace it upon her shoulders. To whatever circumstance the acquaintance was owing, the conversation was kept up the greater part of the night, and on their arrival in London the lady invited the young officer to her lodgings, where some of her relatives were staying. He accordingly accompanied her home, and remained there for several hours. Shortly after Major Yelverton was sent to Malta, and for ten months no communication whatever took place between them. In the spring of 1853, however, Miss Longworth wrote the appellant a letter, requesting him to forward a communication to her brother, who she stated was residing at Monastir, and the result was that a correspondence was opened between the parties, which lasted until their next meeting in the autumn of 1855. In 1854 Major Yelverton was ordered with his force to the Crimea, in consequence of the breaking out of the Russian war, and Miss Longworth in 1855 went to Galatia, where she became an inmate of the French hospital as a sister of Mercy. There she saw the appellant for the second time, when he called upon her. In the autumn of 1855 she paid a visit to Lady Straubenzee, the wife of General Straubenzee, who commanded the light division of the British Army, and there for the third time in the course of their acquaintance they met. Some time after Major Yelverton returned to England, and was ordered upon duty at Edinburgh Castle, where he again, in February, 1857, saw the respondent. It was on this occasion, according to the respondent's statement, that a ceremony of marriage was gone through, sufficient, as she contended, to make them man and wife by the law of Scotland. They again parted, and met again at Waterford, where she went to meet him by arrangement, and on their arriving at a place called Rosetrevor they were married according to the forms of the Roman Catholic Church—the religion of the lady. On the one hand it is contended that this marriage was perfectly blinding and valid, and on the other that it was a mere form gone through for the purpose of saving the conscience of the lady, who was perfectly aware that it could have no legal effect. They made various tours together, living as man and wife, until in 1858 the appellant married Mrs. Forbes. The action for maintenance, which excited such a furor in Ireland, having been brought, it was then decided that the Irish marriage was valid. The actions in the Court of Sessions in Scotland were then commenced, which resulted in a second judgment in favour of the validity of the Scotch marriage. The present appeal was then brought to reverse the latter decision.

Mr. Holt for Major Yelverton, the respondent, thus commented upon some of the abovementioned incidents. He said: While at Galatia she, Miss Longworth, had become acquainted with Lady Straubenzee, the wife of General Straubenzee, then commanding the Light Infantry Brigade in the Crimea. It appeared that on one occasion Lady Straubenzee had told her that if ever she wished to see the Crimea she should be happy to afford her the opportunity of doing so, and upon this general invitation she thought proper to go on a visit in the Crimea to that lady. It would be shown by the evidence that Major Yelverton's hut was not very far from that of General Straubenzee, and it was also clear that he must have known of her arrival there, as it was a rare event for a single lady to visit the camp. Their lordships would be satisfied by the evidence that Major Yelverton did not for a period of fourteen days call upon General Straubenzee, or make any inquiry after her, or communicate with her in any way whatever. The respondent told Lady Straubenzee that she should like to see Major Yelverton, as there was something like an engagement subsisting between them, and accordingly the general invited Major Yelverton to dinner. He came, and, under the circumstances, Lady Straubenzee gave them an opportunity of being alone together for a short time; and after a few days, during which time she saw him frequently, he returned to Galatia. On these occasions he again averred that improper familiarities took place between them. It was also averred by the appellant that he told her very distinctly that he could never make her his wife. She returned to the hospital at Galatia in March, 1856, and it then appeared that she left the hospital, to reside either alone, or, at all events, under no protection of a male relative; but whether at the suggestion of the French Sisters, or of her own motion, he could not tell. It appeared before she left the Crimea she had obtained from him a promise that he would call and see her on his return to England. He was not going to elevate the conduct of Major Yelverton as being that of a man of the highest honour and of the purest principles, but he thought it was only due to that gentleman to say that, in this instance, not one young man in a thousand would have acted as he had done under the circumstances. He considered with himself on what had passed between them, and in a most ingenuous letter he sent her—a dialogue between himself and his brains—he told her plainly, that if he kept his promise, there could be but one result—her ruin. This he was most desirous to prevent, and as he could not marry her, and shrink from being branded as her seducer, he had determined to go home by way of the Danube and Vienna, instead of via Constantinople. At the same time, after solemnly and deliberately warning her of the danger she would run by meeting him, he told her that if she would meet him half-way and would consent to become his mistress he should be only too happy to receive her on those terms. He accordingly went home by a round-about route, which must have put him to great inconvenience and expense, for the purpose of avoiding her. He returned to his friends in Ireland in 1856, and about Christmas of that year was ordered to Edinburgh Castle on military duty. In the meantime the respondent appeared to have travelled in Palestine, it did not appear with whom, although he did not seek to cast any imputation upon her from that circumstance, and she eventually returned to England in a ship of war about the last day of 1856. As soon as she reached Portsmouth she renewed the correspondence, and in a few weeks she proceeded to Edinburgh, where she arrived in the beginning of February. She was accompanied by a Miss Macfarlane, a lady much younger than herself, about twenty years of age, but unaccompanied by any male relatives. The two young ladies take lodgings in Edinburgh at the house of a Mrs. Remble, where Major Yelverton has many opportunities of meeting her. On the side of the respondent it was averred that no sexual intercourse took place, but it was clear that Major Yelverton was continually in the habit of visiting her, and that she often saw him at his apartments in the Castle. He was willing to try the case upon either alternative, either that Major Yelverton's story was true, that sexual intercourse did take place, or that the respondent's was true, that it did not. But could any person of experience in life, after having seen the correspondence, doubt what the result was? Leaving Edinburgh on the 16th of April, she proceeded to some of her friends at Hull, and then to her sister's, Mrs. Bellamy, who was residing

at Abergavenny, in Wales. A few days after she left Edinburgh Major Yelverton went on a visit to his friends in Ireland when the correspondence was renewed. He should now have to introduce to their lordships a scheme or plan the respondent had formed, which he should prove by the letters produced in evidence. While she was at Abergavenny she wrote to him, suggesting he should come to visit her, and that he should accompany her to the old cathedral in Manchester, where her forefathers lay dead, where their purpose and object would be unknown to anybody, and go through the ceremony of marriage with her, which she added, "If safety is your object, what I suggest is merely the same as being present at mass making you a Catholic." She further stated that going through the ceremony of marriage, while it would not bind him, would be a salve to her conscience. That was the scheme which she proposed, but it was not carried out, as he declined to come over to fetch her. She then followed him to Ireland, not that he was unwilling that she should come, quite the contrary. Accordingly, she went to Waterford, where he met her. After some little delay, they set off together on a tour through Ireland. It was denied by the lady that any sexual intercourse took place at this time. Her case was that while in Edinburgh on the 12th of April, they had read over together the English marriage service, after which Major Yelverton had said, "Now, this makes us husband and wife;" but it must be recollected she brings forward no witness in support of that statement.

Lord Wensleydale: Major Yelverton denies that statement, does he not?

Mr. Holt replied that he did, and he thought that he was warranted in saying that it was completely disproved. At all events, there was not a particle of evidence in support of it. The case has been adjourned.

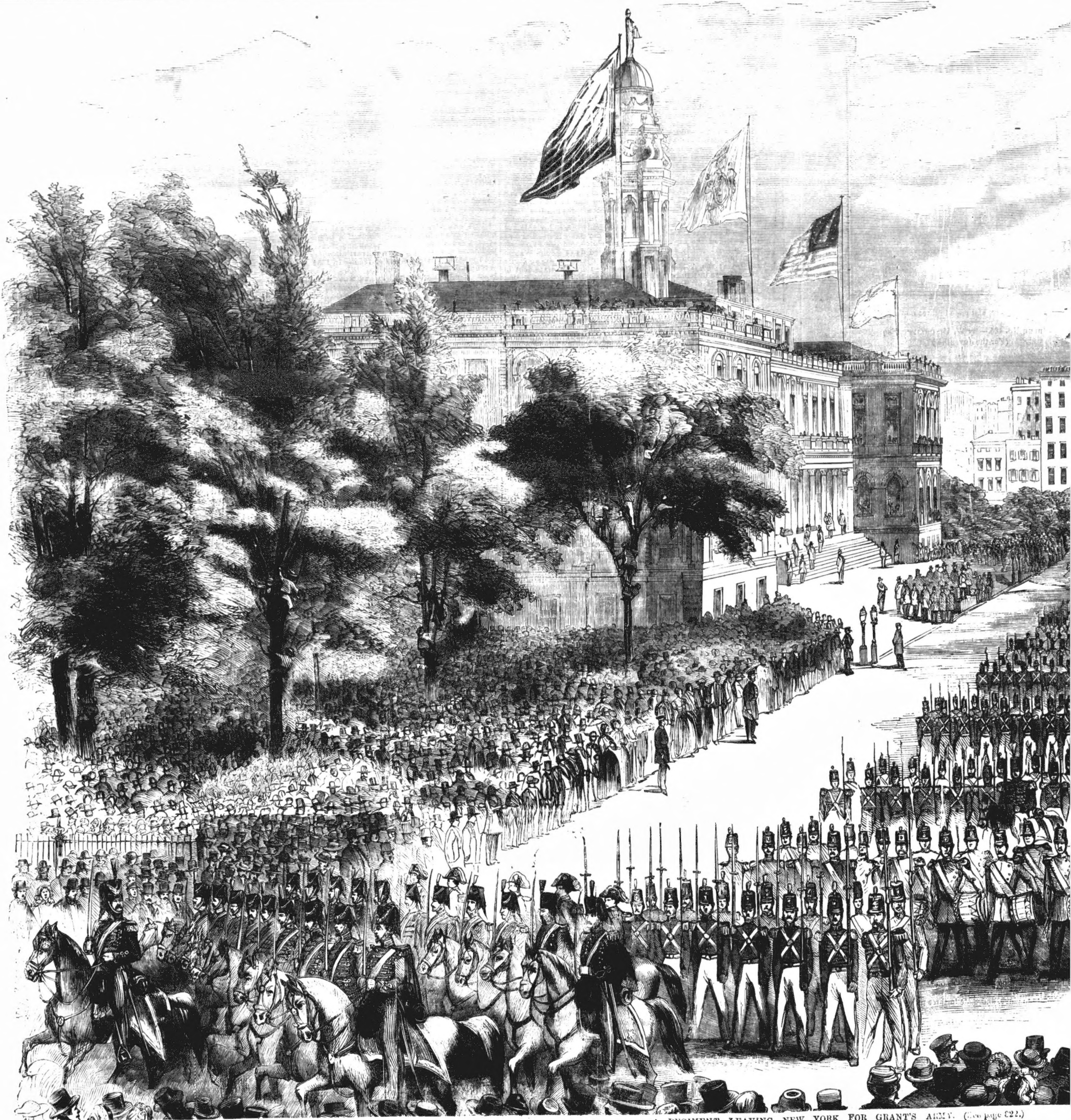
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT CAMBRIDGE.

LAST week the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Cambridge University. The Prince was installed as a doctor of that institution. Upon several other persons of distinction the like honour was conferred. Previous to the arrival of the illustrious visitors and the distinguished persons who were to have degrees, the time was beguiled with the usual variety of cries by the undergraduates. There was a groan for Mr. Disraeli, a tremendous cheer for the Queen, a dubious recognition of the Pope, and a most decided one of King Victor Emmanuel. Sir Bulwer Lytton had an unequivocal ovation, and when Lord Palmerston arrived, accompanied by Earl Granville, his cheering was unanimous and tremendous. His lordship, who wore his doctor's robe and the star of the Bath, looked well, and stood before his chair for a long time bowing in acknowledgment of the vociferous greeting of the undergraduates. It is needless to say that the Prince of Wales, the Princess, and the Duke of Cambridge had a splendid reception. The conferring of degrees commenced with Earl Granville, who was loudly cheered, followed by the Duke of Manchester, about whose popularity there can be no question. Then came Earl Stanhope, whose name was accepted *nemini dissensiente*, and Lord Carnarvon, who, apparently, had no enemies in the galleries. Lord Eversley seemed to be fairly popular; but his lordship's reception was but a mild prelude to the ovation that awaited Lord Palmerston. There certainly never was a more unanimous public welcome tendered by any public assembly to an eminent public man. The orator, in a few brief but telling sentences, presented him as the pilot who had weathered so many storms, as the man to whom the country entrusted its fortunes confidently in time of peace, but still more willingly in time of war. The noble Premier retired amid the plaudits of the assembly. Sir B. Lytton, Sir Page Wood, Sir C. Eastlake, were all well received, but the general harmony was somewhat disturbed when Dean Stanley's turn came. The groaning set up by a few undergraduates was very pertinaciously sustained, but was completely overborne by the general plaudits. When the degree was conferred, both the Princess and Prince of Wales honoured Dean Stanley with marked smiles of recognition. Of the remaining new doctors it will be only necessary to notice Dr. Watson, the eminent physician, and Professor Wheatstone, both of whom were much cheered; but the professor being the last doctor who received his degree, was irreverently endowed with the additional title of "wooden spoon" by some rather juvenile voice from the gallery. Before leaving the building some undergraduates set up a cheer for Canon Wordsworth, but it was not universally responded to.

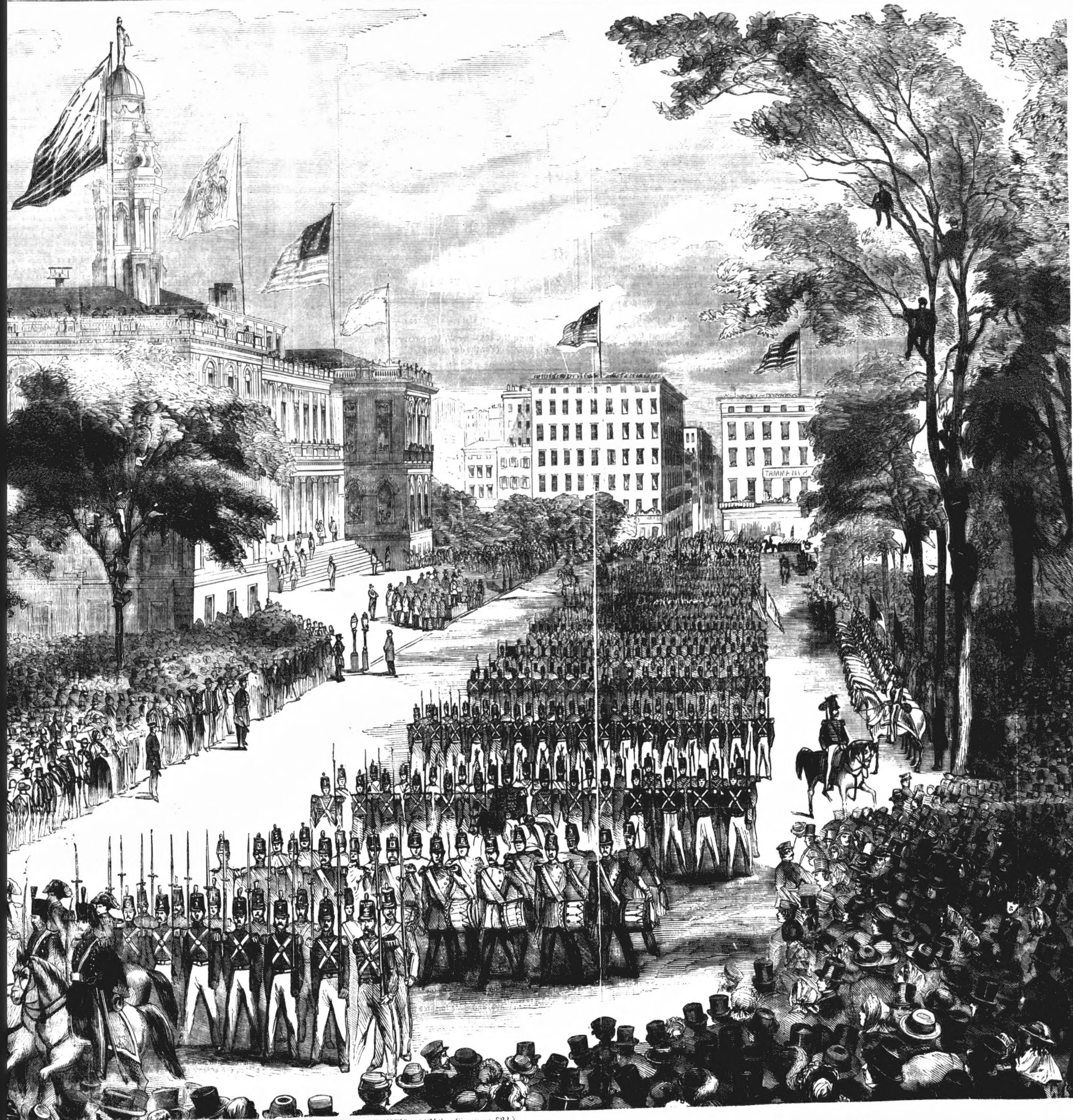
The day's festivities terminated with the flower show, at which the Princess of Wales distributed the prizes of the School of Art; and the marshalling of the University boats in honour of the royal visitors. Of the latter it was universally admitted that the spectacle was much more gay and splendid than the ordinary annual procession of the boats which took place about three weeks before. They passed St. John's grounds first, where tremendous crowds had congregated for the flower show, and to see the Princess Alexandra distribute the prizes of the School of Art. There was a regular crush here, and immense cheering; the whole scene looking exceedingly animated under the afternoon sun, and enlivened by the gay flags and flowers with which the fairy flotilla was decorated. Trinity Hall boat, being the "head of the river," was wreathed with flowers, and all the men wore flowers in their caps. Every other boat bore its distinguishing flag, and all displayed the national standard of Denmark. A man on Clare-bridge waved a flag, and each boat as it passed under "put on a spurt" which was kept up vigorously until they reached a part of the river where there was space enough for a turn. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who were in King's grounds, where a marquee had been erected, watched this animated pageant from the banks, and when the boats returned and formed a sort of bridge across the river, the men tossing their oars and cheering lustily, their royal highnesses bowed repeatedly, evidently delighted with what they saw. The whole scene was very striking, the Prince and the distinguished doctors of laws who accompanied him wearing their scarlet robes, and the crews in their guernseys, and flags and flowers. Three cheers for the Queen, and three more for the Prince and Princess of Wales, followed, and then the boats all paddled away in the order in which they had advanced. From this the royal party proceeded to the flower show in St. John's grounds, of which the only thing remarkable to be recorded was the touching grace with which the Princess presented the prizes to the pupils of the School of Art. A homely bystander said that her royal highness looked like Queen Elizabeth when she was young, and "smiled through and looked through any one."

SHOCKING DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—On Friday week, at noon, a boy named Wainwright, son of one of the Earl of Derby's keepers at Knowsley, expired in the painful agonies of hydrophobia. The lad, who was about twelve years of age, was about five weeks ago playing in the road near to his own home, when he was bitten in the thumb by a strange dog, which at the time showed no symptoms of madness. No notice was taken of the circumstance at the time, and it was not until the following Wednesday that the dreadful signs of hydrophobia became apparent. Dr. Gorst and several other medical gentlemen were called in, but all the efforts to cope with the malady were futile. The boy raved and made dreadful noises, some resembling the bark of a dog. He had to be fastened down in bed.

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A REGIMENT LEAVING NEW YORK FOR GRANT'S ARMY. (See page 822.)



A REGIMENT LEAVING NEW YORK FOR GRANT'S ARMY. (See page C22.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA—M. Flotow's opera of "Stradella" was produced for the first time on Saturday evening last, but it was by no means successful on its own merits. The applause was due entirely to the few artists engaged in it who perform the most prominent parts. There were only two encores—a drinking duet, "Glu, glu, glu," admirably rendered by Signora Bonconi and Ciampi. The other was what is called the "Song of Salva-rosa," which again was greatly indebted for so especial a mark of favour to the vociferous and demonstrative singing of Herr Wachtel and a tremendous D flat, taken with the fullest power of the chest, at the end. No other pieces created any effect; and even of the many dances introduced—"Stradella" is half a ballet—not one seemed to please. The band and chorus could not be praised sufficiently, and the scenery and dresses were up to the highest standard of the Court Garden management. Every one knows the story on which the opera is founded. Alessandro Stradella, a remarkably fine tenor singer, and a composer of considerable ability, was born at Naples about the middle of the seventeenth century. His personal history is so romantic and interesting that it has been frequently represented on the stage. Though not handsome, he was distinguished by the elegance of his form, and especially recommended by the sweetness of his manners and voice. He was engaged by the republic of Venice to write operas for a carnival season. While thus employed he was also in the habit of giving singing lessons to a certain Ortesia, the high-born mistress of a Venetian noble. Instructor and pupil soon fell desperately in love, and quickly resolved to escape together. In this attempt they succeeded but too well. The noble Venetian vowed that the musician should forfeit his life. He employed two assassins, who, after seeking the fugitives in Naples, at length found them in Rome. Here they discovered, too, that the composer was about to conduct a performance in the church of St. John Lateran of an opera spiritual. The opportunity seemed favourable to the assassins, and they determined to murder both Stradella and his mistress on their way home from church. So impressed, however, were they with the sublimity of the music, that they could not summon courage to take the life of a man, and they not only abandoned the project, but even warned the lovers of their danger. The luckless pair now sought refuge in Turin; but the Venetian vendetta was still to be wrought out. The first murderers, refusing to follow up their prey, on account, as they protested, of the stringency of the laws in Turin, the unrepentant noble engaged two other assassins, who, accompanied by the father of the errant lady set out in pursuit of the fugitives. The Duchess of Savoy, then Regent, had meanwhile placed Ortesia in a convent for greater safety, and had taken Stradella under her immediate protection by giving him the appointment of Maestro di Cappella. The position availed him but little, however. While walking on the ramparts of the town, he was attacked by the assassins, who succeeded in each giving him a dagger thrust. Stradella was seriously wounded, but he ultimately recovered, and the murderers, who had found an asylum in the house of the French ambassador, were then allowed to escape. The vengeance of the implacable Venetians was still unsatisfied. Stradella had now, by desire of the Duchess Regent, married Ortesia, but her former seducer and her father had resolved to work their will. In Turin they were comparatively safe. In an evil hour they ventured as far as to Genoa, whither the musician was summoned to produce an opera, and there Stradella and Ortesia were one morning found in each other's arms, stabbed to the heart. The assassins, who had a vessel in readiness in the harbour, succeeded in effecting their escape, and their crime was allowed to go unpunished. The picture is exceedingly bare of music. The heroine was personated by Madlle. Battu, who is quite competent to all the music allotted to the character. "Stradella" is essentially a one-character opera, the hero taking the lion's share of the music, and engrossing the entire interest. Herr Wachtel, unquestionably, has one of the very finest voices ever heard—a voice that wants nothing but charm. The magnificent high chest-note to which we have alluded as his speciality were used with such good effect in the air at the end of the second act, that they drew from the astonished audience a hurricane of applause. The effect of these notes is utterly irresistible, so was the marvellous imitation given by Signor Ronconi. We have seldom heard so spontaneous a burst of merry laughter, as that which shook the house when this most versatile of singers, in the character of Barberino, one of the assassins, parodied in the third act the effect which the audience had endured in the second. They were just, however, for they insisted much apparently to his own surprise, on the Italian buffo also repeating the passage, so the triumph of the evening was achieved in the most unexpected fashion. The entire impersonation of Signor Ronconi was infinitely racy. The dance of masqueraders in the first act was admirably conceived; and in the supral ballet the graceful and daring Madlle. Salvini reaped well-earned applause. It was Herr Wachtel's last appearance this season, Mr. Gye, as we are informed, having found it impossible to get the *conge* of the tenor prolonged another month. On Monday evening the opera was again repeated, Signor Naudin sustaining the character of Stradella. "Faust," "The Barber of Seville" and "Don Giovanni" have also been performed during the week. This evening (Saturday) "Orbello" will be repeated.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—A new ballet divertissement, entitled "La Festa di Ballo," was produced here on Tuesday evening, after the performance of Nicolai's successful drama of "Falestaf." On Thursday evening, Flotow's well-known opera of "Martha" was produced. This evening, Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre*, "Robert le Diable," will be performed for the first time this season.

THE THEATRES generally have been running the same pieces as noticed in our last. Among the exceptions, the Princesses has produced a new drama, entitled "Light and Shadow" which we shall notice in our next. It is stated that Stella Colas, who has returned to London, will shortly appear in a new play.—At the LYCEUM, Mr. Fechter, as Hamlet, is the all-engrossing attraction.—The OLYMPIC continues its uninterrupted run with the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," which has now reached its 323rd night. "Sense and Sensation," now that it is compressed, goes much better.—Mrs R. Honner took a benefit at SADLER'S WELLS on Monday, when she was supported by the principal talent from the other houses.—At the NEW ROYALTY, Mrs Rosina Wright appeared to her friends on Wednesday, producing for her benefit "Mad as a Hatter," "The Last of the Pigalis," and the burlesque of "Ixion."—Mr George Honey, the clever and amusing comedian, took his benefit on Wednesday, at the STRAND.

THE ITALIAN OPERA LITIGATION—The case of Colonel Knox against Mr Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, which, it will be remembered, was a claim on the part of the colonel to establish a partnership between Mr Gye and himself in the Opera House, and an appeal from the decision of Vice-Chancellor Wood, who held that Colonel Knox had not made out his claim, has been brought to a close before the Lords Justices. Their lordships have taken time to consider their judgment in the affair.

MISS MARIOTT's performance of Hamlet, at Liverpool, has created quite a sensation, the whole of the local press stating that such a performance has seldom, if ever, been surpassed there.

MRS. MACREADY, of whose entertainments we have had cause to speak in the warmest terms, will give one of her dramatic recitals, the last of the present series, at the Queen's Concert Rooms,

Hanover-square, this day (Saturday), commencing at three o'clock.

MR. HOESON, of the Amphitheatre, Leeds, has purchased, with other theatrical effects, at the recent sale at Stratford, the elegant act drop painted by Mr Telbin for the pavilion during the recent Tercentenary representations.

THE LATE SAM COWELL—The principal artists in London gave their services on Tuesday evening, at a concert at St James's Hall, in aid of the widow and orphans of the well-known deceased comedian. Among those who generously offered their valuable assistance were—Mr Sims Reeves, Mr and Madame Weiss, Madame Parepa, the Misses Maccall, Miss Rose Hervey, Madlle Gaudin, Madlle Mariot de Beauvoisin, Mr Paul Bedford, Miss E. Pearce, Mr Ransford, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Madlle Louise Van Noorden, Miss Annie Cox, Madame H. Percy, Mr J. L. Toole, Mr W. S. Woodin, and Miss Woolgar (Mrs. Alfred Mellon). An address was written for the occasion by Miss M. E. Braddon (authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret"). The concert was—Mons. Benedict, Ganz, Hargett, and Emile Berger; and the concert, we believe, from the number present, will greatly add to the fund for the unfortunate widow and children.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE has been transferred to a joint-stock company, the capital of which is stated to be £12,500, in 2,500 shares of £5 each. Only ninety-one shares had been taken up to the 25th ultimo. The directors are the Hon F. G. B. Ponsonby, G. A. F. C. Bentinck, Tom Taylor, and Horace Wigan, Esqs.

The Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Marlborough House from Cambridge at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Prince and Princess Louise of Hesse, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday morning.

The Rev. Dr. Lee conducted the service in the parish church of Crickle on Sunday last. The royal pews were occupied by his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, her Royal Highness the Princess Helena, his Grace the Duke of Argyll, Lady Churchill, and several other ladies and gentlemen of the Court.—*Dundee Advertiser*

The Prince and Princess of Wales had a dinner party on Monday evening. After dinner, their royal highnesses had an evening party and music.

Sporting.

THE PARIS RACES.

Prix de l'Empereur: 10,000*fr.* (£400) for all horses of three years old and over.—Won by Dollar; beating Stradella (2); Jarri-cotton (3).

The Grand Prize of Paris, "un objet d'Art," the gift of his Majesty the Emperor, and £1,000 given half by the city of Paris, and half by the five great railway companies of France.—Won by Vermont, beating Blair Athol (2); Bois Roussel (3). Five ran.

Won by two lengths. Fille de l'air came in third; but her jockey, not weighing in time, Bois Roussel was placed third, and the Oaks winner was consequently distanced.

RACING FIXTURES FOR JUNE.

Ascot	7	Beverly	23
Hampton	15	Chisford	28
Newton	15	New Forest Hunt ...	28
Oldham	21	Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	28
Bilbury Club	22	Worcester Summer ...	30
Stockbridge	23	Ipswich	30

THE CHAMPION SWIMMING MATCH.

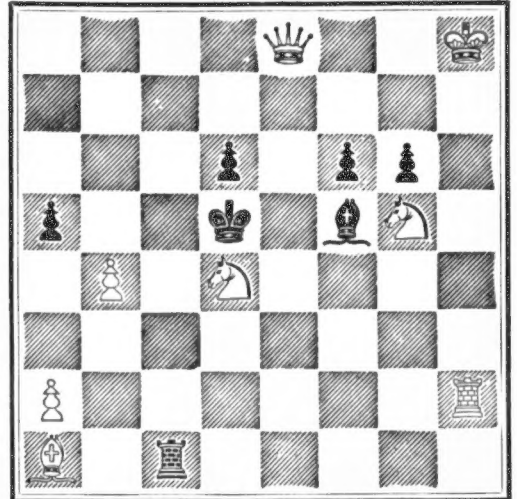
The contest for the Champion Swimming Cup and a prize of £200 took place on Monday night, the course being from the Doves, just above Hammersmith Suspension-bridge, to Putney Aqueduct-bridge, a distance of about two miles. The competitors were, the champion, Fred Beekwith, the holder of the cup, and E. B. Mather, of Manchester. The two men tested their respective powers for the same prize in the summer of last year, but on that occasion Beckwith proved himself more than a match for his antagonist, and came in an easy winner. Mather's friends, however, did not look upon their man as having been thoroughly defeated, and had such confidence in his powers, that they resolved upon once more pitting him against the redoubtable Beckwith. As Mather was not only much younger, but possessed a good deal of endurance, it was thought that upon the long course from the Doves to Putney he might yet carry off the honours which the champion had so long and so well kept. The result of the present match proved that the confidence of Mather's friends was not misplaced, as it must be confessed that he did more than realize their expectations. The start was fixed for six o'clock, but long before that hour the neighbourhood of Hammersmith-bridge presented a scene of the greatest animation, and it was soon apparent that the contest had created an unusual amount of excitement. The banks of the river for a long distance up and the bridge itself were densely crowded, while the river above the bridge was literally alive with boats, from the match outrigger to the veriest punt. The half-hour had long passed before the two steamers which had been engaged to start from London-bridge, each having on board one of the competitors and a very good "paying" freight of speculators, rounded the point below the bridge, and slowly steamed up against the tide to their position off the Doves. At last they rounded to and got close together in the middle of the stream, it having been arranged that the competitors should dive off from a small platform which had been run out from the bow of each of the steamers. As the boats would persist in flocking round the steamers it required some degree of patience on the part of those who had the management of the matter before they could get clear. When the signal was given both men took the water in splendid style. Beckwith with a slight lead, but in a moment it was a neck-and-neck race. The men were even when they passed under the suspension bridge, and for some length beyond; but at the bend it was evident that Mather was gradually drawing away from his opponent. He continued to do so until they arrived at the point above Putney, when Beckwith was quite out of the match and Mather had nothing to do but go in and win. In their course down the river they had been closely followed by the steamers and a whole fleet of boats. The banks right down to Putney were regularly lined with people, while every spot near the Star and Garter was occupied by persons who were sorely disappointed in their hopes of seeing a desperate finish. Beckwith was soon dressed, and was the first ashore, where he received a cordial greeting. Mather followed, and was heartily cheered.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL—The Restoration Fund has reached the sum of about £12,000. It is estimated by Mr George Gilbert Scott, the architect, that between £35,000 and £40,000 will be required.

True uncoloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

Chess.

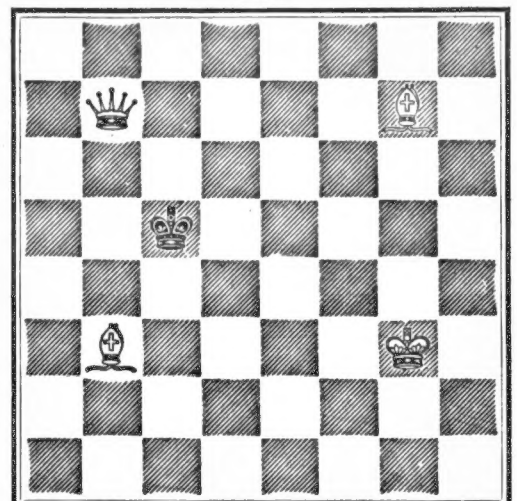
PROBLEM No. 184.—By F. HEALRY, Esq.
[From the May number of the "Chess-Player's Magazine."] Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 185.—By W. HINCHLIFFE, Esq.
(For the Juveniles.) Black.



White.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

PLAY AND PASSION.

WHERE the stream of Solipena
Winds along the silent vale;
Where the palm-trees softly murmur,
Waving to the gentle gale;
By the myrtle-woven widows
Of an old, romantic seat,
Sat at chess two noble Persians,
Shelter'd from the scorching heat.
There, with beating heart, Alcazor
View'd the deep, eventful play;
There, with black, o'er-arching eye-brows,
Sat the caliph, Mahmoud Bey.
But with wary eye, the caliph
Mark'd each pession of the heart,
And the gallant, brave Alcazor
Yields, a victim to his art.
Soon his ancient store of treasures—
Soon his wealth and wide domain—
Soon the glory of his fathers—
Fall, the crafty caliph's gain.
Now he maddens as the lion
Raging through the tangled grove—
Now, with desperate oath, he pludges
Zaida's beauty, Zaida's love.
Mahmoud Bey the offer sizes—
Triumph glens in his eye.
Ah, rash youth! that thou had'st never
Dared to risk so fair a prize;
For impending ruin threatens
To devote thy hapless love.
But what piercing accents issue
From the latticed heights above!
'Tis the beautiful Zaida crying,
Half distracted, "Oh, my life!
To thy foe concede thy castle,
And from death pre-serve thy wife!"

POSITION.

White. King on K B 4, Rs on Q B 8 and Q 8, B on K R 8, Kt on Q Kt 7, Pawns on Q Kt 2 and 4, Q 8, and K 2.
Black. King on Q 5, R on K 3, Pawns on Q Kt 8 and 4, Q B 3, Q 4, K B 8, and K B 4.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

CRUSADE AGAINST THE LIVERPOOL DOGS—It is estimated that upwards of 1,000 dogs have been destroyed in Liverpool during the past month—700 by the police, and 300 by private individuals, while endless informations have been disposed of by the magistrates. On Thursday one person was excused the fine, because the dog was quite twelve years old, with scarcely a tooth in its head; of a harmless disposition, and had suckled at one and the same time a pup, a kitten, a rabbit, and a pigeon.

Mr. JOHN ROUSE, 35, St James's-place, Plumstead, says: "Feb. 6, 1864. For a cough of thirty-three years, standing, Hall's Lung Restorer has been of more service than all the medicines I ever tried." Sold in bottles, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., &c., by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E., and all chemists.—[Advertisement.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION-HOUSE.

FRASCS BETWEEN GENTLEMEN.—William Rushton Adamson, residing at 12 S. 8thwick-terrace Hyde-park, Chelsea, was brought before Mr. Alderman Phillips, charged with assaulting Mr. Thomas Campin Lawrence, a shipbroker, of 39 Pundling-lane. Mr. St. John's barrister appeared for the defendant. Mr. St. John observed that the complaint was a gentleman of high respectability and honor, and a magistrate himself and would not do anything that would not become a gentleman; and if the case were to stand over Mr. Adamson would take out a counter-summons and make a counter-charge against the complainant. Under the circumstances he did not feel called upon to offer an apology. The complainant stated that he was on Lord's-brook on a Sunday afternoon, when his attention was drawn to two horses that had fallen down. One of the horses had one of his fore-legs over the pole of the van, and he heard some one call the driver, who was on the box, a stupid fool. He turned round and said to the defendant it was no use abusing the coachman, as that would not get the horse's leg over the pole, when he said that the (complainant) was as big a fool as the driver. He was very indignant at being called such a name, and was advancing towards defendant he hardly knew for what purpose, when he made a thrust at him with his umbrella, which struck him in the eye, and he had been a feeling very much from the effect. He then struck the defendant in the face. Mr. St. John stated he was instructed that Mr. Adamson, feeling irritated at seeing the horses unable to extricate themselves, and the driver seated on the box whipping them instead of getting down and rendering some more effectual assistance, called him a stupid fellow, upon which Mr. Lawrence made an observation, when Mr. Adamson told him he must be as stupid as the driver. Mr. Lawrence then, in the indignation which he admitted he felt, struck him in the face, and the umbrella was put up in self defence. Mr. Alderman Phillips said Mr. Adamson ought to know as well as he did that supposing the blow had been struck first as he said, he was not in law justified in retaliating in the manner he had done. He said he would not like to be called upon to decide the matter, and suggested that the two gentlemen should come to some friendly understanding. Both gentlemen then retired, and after a short time returned, informing the alderman that they had settled the matter in a satisfactory manner.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THE "HEARTS OF OAK" FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—Mr. Evan Evans, of No. 14, three-arch, was summoned before Mr. Knox, F.R., that he being the secretary of the Hearts of Oak Friendly Society, had given to Thomas Nye, a member of the society, a copy of the rules which had not been enrolled with the clerk of the peace for the county, or certified by the registrar of friendly societies. Mr. Tidd Pratt, Mr. Hubert Wood, a partner to support the summons; and Mr. E. Lewis, of Ely-place for the defence. Mr. George Denton, clerk to Mr. Tidd Pratt, proved that the society was certified. Thomas Nye, carpenter and joiner, said he became a member of the society on the 9th of November last. On that night he received a printed copy of the rules from the defendant, the secretary of the society. Cross examined: There were a great many members present when the rules were given to him. The book had been altered by the defendant's son since he had received it. He was certain it was the defendant who gave him the book, and not the committee. Had not subscribed or procured the removal of the defendant. Mr. Wood said he was instructed by Mr. Allen, who represented 6,000 out of the 10,000 members, and who wished to remove Mr. Evans. Mr. Allen, carpenter, said he proposed to remove Mr. Evans as a member of the society and he saw him receive a book of rules. Cross-examined: The book had since been altered by a date being added—on the 30th November. The present summons was taken out by him on behalf of the reform movement in the society, and 8,000 of the members were with him, and marching towards the expense of the present proceedings. There were 10,700 members in the society and 8,000 were trying to get a proper book of rules. Since the rules had been certified by Mr. Pratt several alterations had been made, but not certified, as they ought to have been. He had made inquiries at Mr. Tidd Pratt's office, in consequence of an error in the committee's report which involved a sum of £1,000. He had ascertained that there were twenty alterations in the original rules. One of the rules had relation to the appointment of an auditor. Mr. Lewis said all that the defendant had done was to obey the order of the superior officers of the society. There was nothing to show that the defendant knew of the alterations in the rules, or the contents of the book given to the complainant. To support an indictment against the defendant it must be shown that some unlawful act was done or intended. The alterations referred to had been made from time to time by several committees. Mr. Knox said the error from the rules of a paid auditor appeared to him to be a vital matter. Mr. Lewis said some of the alterations had been made before the defendant was appointed to his present post. Mr. Denton said, on looking over the rules given to the witness Nye, he found that several alterations had been made in Mr. Tidd Pratt's certified rules—one in particular that related to the appointment of an auditor, and another which changed the nights of meeting. Mr. Knox asked who presided over the meeting when the book was given to the complainant. One of the witnesses said it was a member named Howard. Mr. Knox said it was clear that a large body of the members wished to remove the defendant. The object was to meet to a case was for these reasons to resign, and then if the majority of the members were in his favour they could re-elect him. He thought also that the rules ought to be reprinted, and that the members had great cause of complaint. Mr. Lewis said the rules were being reprinted. Mr. Knox could not exonerate the defendant from the charge that he had been circulating rules altered from the rules certified by Mr. Tidd Pratt. The defendant, he was told, had stated that he would hold office in defiance of the members. Now he would give the defendant time to consider his determination, and if at the next examination the matter was not satisfactorily settled he would commit the defendant for trial. Mr. Lewis said he would rather take the commitment at once. Mr. Knox would use his own discretion in the matter. He would adjourn the case for a fortnight and would recommend that a summons be also taken out against H. Ward, who acted as chairman on the night when the rules were issued to the complainant.

ITALIAN BEGGARS.—Isola Baletti, an Italian boy, was brought before Mr. Yardley for begging in the public streets. When the prisoner was first brought to this court he was remanded, in order to obtain the attendance of the padrone (master). The constable stated that the padrone was not present, but he had communicated with the Italian Benevolent Society, and some Italian gentlemen were present. On the 11th of May last, secretary to the Italian embassy, and vice-president of the Italian Society, and signor Luciano, the secretary, were in court. The charge of begging having been proved, Count Maffei said he was sorry to see so many Italian beggars in England; he was quite ashamed of the creature, as he considered it degraded his country in the eyes of the people of England. He was quite prepared on behalf of the society to state that if the prisoner would go back to Italy the society would send him back at their own expense. At the same time he requested to find that the padrone was not forthcoming, and that a summons be also taken out against the padrone. Mr. Yardley said the padrone had been present and the evidence sufficient, and should certainly have indicated all the punishment the law allowed. The bigger boy, when questioned denied that he was far away from a padrone. He had come with his father to England in a begging expedition. His father had gone back to Italy, and he had remained for the purpose of continuing the begging business. Mr. Yardley sent him to prison for eight days.

MARYLEBONE.

CAPTURE OF A NAKED BOY.—A remarkably well-dressed man, who gave the name of Thomas Smith, address refused, and who described himself as a clerk, was placed in the dock before Mr. Mansfield, charged with attempting to burglariously break and enter the dwelling-house of Mr. Emerson, No. 6, Carlton-road, in the parish of Paddington, by removing some stone as well as an iron plate. John Heyward, police-constable 380 D, deposed that shortly after one o'clock that morning he was passing Mr. Emerson's house, when his attention was attracted by hearing a noise as if a stone was being used. After listening for a time, the noise was repeated. He (the witness) entered the garden in front of the house, and saw the prisoner come from the rear, having no clothing on beyond his shirt and stockings. He ran across the garden and jumped over the wall, and bounded away like a deer along the road. He (the witness) pursued him at the same time raising an alarm. Prisoner ran down a mews, where he was captured by a brother officer. He was taken back to the house, and in a corner of the garden his clothes were found, and he was at once made to dress. On examining the premises he (the officer) found that the coal plate over the vault had been removed, and also the stone's round about it. There was also found in the area a gimlet, a long piece of rope, a wax taper, and some lodger matches, as well as a cheese-knife, and two keys. On the road along which the prisoner ran there was picked up a large screwdriver. When he was searched at the station-house there were found upon him a gold Albert chain, two rings, and about half-a-dozen matches. Robert Moore, 801 D, stated that he was startled by seeing the prisoner rush past him in his shirt. Thinking that he might not have been in his proper senses he at once ran after him, and after a chase of about 200 yards he apprehended him in a mews. His hands

were very black. Prisoner was asked by him (the witness) what he was doing by running about naked, and to this the reply was, "You can run well to catch me." Mr. Mansfield: I shall send him for trial.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—Arthur Peter Anderson, surgeon, was charged with obtaining a licence from Mr. Philip Oxenden, Papillon under false and fraudulent representations. The prosecutor said: I reside at No. 1, Devonport-street, and am a member of parliament for Colchester. On the 7th of May, between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, the prisoner came and said he wished to speak to me. As he would not send in any message by the servant I went into the hall to him. He said his name was Peter Harper, and that he was a medical man in great distress; that his wife was very ill with consumption, and that she, with her child, was at Stratford, on the Romford road. He told me that six months before that time for a period of eighteen months, he had been assistant to Mr. Williams, who is a physician at Colchester. He then resided, as he said, at No. 4, St. Mary's-terrace, with his wife's uncle and aunt. After this he told me that he had set up in business on his own account at Cheltenham, and had failed in it. Having no other resource left, he was going out as a surgeon on board a ship that was to sail from Liverpool, and a Mr. Moore was going to fit him out. The only difficulty he had in his way was the disposal of his sick wife and child; if, however, he could only get the means to forward them to Colchester, he would and would keep them. Dr. Crane, the physician, he stated, had seen his wife two or three times, and had expressed his willingness to pre-arrange for her gratis, as she was the wife of a medical man, if she only lived somewhere near him. My business was rather pressing at the time, and I gave him £5 to get his wife and child to Colchester. He also said he was in great distress for clothes, and that he had pawned and lost a great many things. Having some doubts afterwards as to the truth of the story I wrote to my solicitor at Colchester, and from him I find that No. 4, St. Mary's-terrace has been occupied for the past two years by Colonel Freeling. I also heard that Harper was not known there, and that Mr. Williams never had any assistant. After this I told my servant to look out for the prisoner. On the previous afternoon he passed my window, and I ran after him and gave him into the custody of Nye, 287 D. Dr. Crane has said he had never seen the prisoner's wife, and if it was deemed requisite to the ends of justice he would attend to give evidence. I wrote to Mr. Miller, my colleague in parliament, to put him upon his guard. Mr. Miller, who was now in attendance, had informed him that the prisoner had called twice at his house, but had only seen the servant, as he was out upon each occasion. Mr. Mansfield: You did not know of your own knowledge whether Mr. Williams had an assistant or not? Prosecutor: I just struck me that Mr. Williams might have had an assistant at the time. What struck me afterwards was that I ought to have known that the prisoner could not have lived at No. 4, St. Mary's-terrace, as I knew that Colonel Freeling lived there. Mr. Mansfield: If he had been given to custody when he was in the house upon the first occasion it would have been a lawful arrest. After that the proper legal course would have been to apprehend him upon a warrant. He must be discharged, although I am quite convinced that he has acted as you have stated. The constable was wrong in taking the prisoner into custody. He ought to have been apprehended on a warrant. Lately there has been a deal of discussion in the law courts about upholding the liberty of the subject. Prosecutor: Then cannot he be released? Mr. Mansfield: Unfortunately, the law does not give me the power. Prosecutor: Then the law is bad. Mr. Mansfield: That is what I am going to remark. I am sorry to have to discharge the prisoner, who is a rogue and vagabond. The prisoner then left the court and ran off as hard as he could. He is in the possession of Mr. Inspector Egerton, D division, a note book and two long lists of members of parliament and their addresses; the A B C Church and Chapel Guide, containing the names and addresses of the clergy; a hand-book of the Epsom races, and a list of the horses to run in the grand race at Paris. Mr. Papillon returned into court and asked under what section and what Act it was that he had discharged the prisoner. He said that he and his colleague, Mr. Miller, had been talking the matter over. Mr. Mansfield said it was under the Vagrant Act. Mr. Papillon merely wished to know, as he might mention the matter in the House of Commons. There were a number of other charges of a similar nature which could have been added against the prisoner. In this case a warrant was not issued, as there was no evidence against him. Consequently, there would have been a difficulty in apprehending him.

THAMES.

STRIPPING CHILDREN OF THEIR CLOTHES.—ARTHUR THIEVES—Matilda Law, the elder, aged 46, and Matilda Law, her daughter, 14, both well-dressed, were brought up before Mr. Paget, charged with stripping children of their clothes in the public streets. There were six charges against the prisoners, but owing to the tender ages of the little ones who had been robbed only one could be entered into, and in that case there was evidence independent of the children that had suffered. On Wednesday fortnight two children, a girl and a boy, named Aubrey, whose father carries on the business of a chemist and druggist in High-street, Poplar, were on the way home from school and were stopped by the prisoners, who took from the boy his sealskin cape, and from the girl her frock and boots. A milk boy, named Biggs, saw the children seated on the banks of the River Lea at Limehouse, and crying. The boy, who is only four and a half years old, was without his cape; the girl, who is six years old, was without her frock and boots. Biggs carried the little girl home, and when he got to his house he found her crying, and became so inconvenient that he got rid of her and gave her to a lady, and she took charge of the boy. The children were taken home to their parents. The boots and frock were produced. They were sold by the prisoners to a married woman named Mary Seager, the wife of a shipwright residing in Poplar. She gave 1s. 9d. for the frock and 2s. for the boots. The younger prisoner resented to Mrs. Seager that the things were left in her mother's house by a captain's lady, who owed her money, and that she had no children who could wear them. When the elder prisoner was taken into custody by Puseford, a police-constable No. 260 K, she admitted having sold the boots and frock to Mrs. Seager, and said that Mrs. Panton, an actress and singer at the Poplar Music Hall and other places, had given them to her. She looked him up, and went to No. 53, Mount-street, Poplar, where she saw the younger prisoner, who said that a captain's lady gave the things to Mrs. Panton, and Mrs. Panton gave them to her mother. The girl also said that Mrs. Panton lived in a street at the top of the Commercial-road. Particular inquiries had been made for Mrs. Panton, who was described as a tall lady of thirty, but no such person was known at the Poplar Music Hall, or any other hall. The elder prisoner also represented that her son was a dancer and clown at the Poplar Music Hall and other places. Puseford took the boy with him to all the places mentioned by his mother. He was quite unknown; he was neither a dancer nor a clown. Inspector Beare, of the K division, said the woman was known as Mrs. Tyler, and her husband was a ship-carpenter. The family were in tolerably easy circumstances. Some of the robes of the children had produced much suffering. There were children in the court who had been stripped of their clothing by the prisoners. The younger prisoner was first called upon for her defence. She said, with an air of simplicity: Please, sir, I met a lady at the top of the Commercial-road, and she asked me if I would have a frock and boots for my sister's children. I said yes, but I did not give them to my sister. I sold them to Mrs. Seager. The elder prisoner, undefended, said: I can't say more than my daughter. They were sent to me, and my daughter said she would sell them to get some money. Mr. Paget committed the prisoners or trial.

AN UNGRATEFUL SCOUNDREL.—John Allen, a Lancashire man, aged 25, was brought before Mr. Partridge on remand, charged with stealing a pair of cloth trousers, the property of John Vine, a seaman belonging to the schooner Halway, in London Dock. A few nights since the prisoner fell in with the mate of the Halway, and said he came from Wigan, in Lancashire, and was hard up. The mate treated him with supper and grog, and told him if he would come on board the schooner in the London Dock he would give him a pair of shoes. The prisoner accepted the invitation, and was hospitably treated in the fore-cabin of the vessel. He received a pair of shoes from the mate, who soon afterwards left the vessel and went on the quay to smoke his pipe. The prisoner, taking advantage of the absence of the crew, opened a seaman's chest, and took out a pair of trousers, which he put on over his own. He left the schooner, and was hurrying towards the dock-gate, when the prosecutor was informed that the prisoner had his trousers on. He pursued him, and after a long chase overtook him. The prisoner, on being captured, said, "Let me go, I'll pull off the trousers." He said, a Thames police-constable, said the prisoner was a hammerman, and that he came from Wigan, in Lancashire, and had been in London since Wednesday night. He had been unable to ascertain anything about the prisoner. Mr. Partridge asked the prisoner what an ungrateful fellow, and sent him to one month's imprisonment, with hard labour.

SIXTH MISTAKE.—A young woman came before Mr. Partridge, and said she was married on Saturday morning, in Bromley Church. Her husband's name and her own maiden name were carefully written on paper by the clergyman who officiated at the ceremony made a mistake in entering the name in the register book. Her maiden name was Hammerley. The parson entered the name as Hammersley. The complainant put in her marriage certificate. Mr. Partridge said he could not assist the applicant. The mistake of an "e" for the "a" would not affect the validity of the marriage. He advised the applicant to make a declaration of the mistake and he would sign it for her.

SOUTHWARK.

DESPERATE ASSAULT.—Samuel Hubbard, 38, a seaman, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, charged with shooting George Knight with a

loaded pistol, with intent to murder him, in King's Head-yard, High-street, Borough. The prosecutor, whose left ear was strapped up, said he was a carman, and resided in King's Head-yard, High-street, Borough. He knew the prisoner as a seafaring man, and had for some time lodged in the same house as his wife in Barnham-street, Tooley-street. The prisoner had been some time at sea. While witness was sleeping in his own room at Barnham-street, at the top of the house, on the previous night he was roused up by a loud knocking at the door, and after some moments the door was opened by Mrs. Hubbard. He heard the prisoner enter, when a violent altercation took place between them, and threats were used against him. Witness jumped out of bed and ran into another room to dress himself, and while he was dressing the prisoner rushed in and threatened to murder him with a poker from the house, and witness ran out of the room and made his escape about two o'clock in the morning he was in King's Head-yard. That was long ago, about five hours when he was shot. He was a seaman, and on his recovering his senses he found that he had received a severe injury to his left ear, and that he was being attended by a surgeon and a police-constable. He then understood that he had been shot by the prisoner. The prisoner then exclaimed: "Oh yes, and I only wish I had shot you dead, you villain!" Mr. Burcham asked the prosecutor whether he still lodged in Barnham-street. He replied that he was on occasionally there. He happened to be in the vicinity of Tooley-street on a visit, therefore he occupied his old bed. He denied being on familiar terms with the prisoner's wife. As soon as he recovered he was shown a pistol, and some shot were found among the bedclothes. There were holes in the bedclothes, which left no doubt that the pistol produced was the one used. He was stunned, and knew nothing of it until he found himself attended by a surgeon, Maria Rogers, a middle-aged woman, said she lodged in King's Head-yard, in the same house as the prosecutor. About half-past eight on Saturday morning the prisoner came to the door and asked her whether the prosecutor was at home. She told him she did not know, but she would go up stairs and see if he was in his bedroom. The prisoner seemed much excited, and told her that he wanted to see him particularly, when she descended the stairs followed by the prisoner. As soon as the prisoner entered the bedroom she found him in bed, fast asleep. The prisoner asked her if she was sure that was George Knight. As soon as she replied it was, he took a pistol from a side pocket and presented it at his head, and before she could rouse up the prosecutor, or raise any alarm, he fired it off, close to his left ear, exclaiming: "Now I shall be hung." Witness screamed out, thinking of course that the prosecutor was dead, and the police were called in. After the prosecutor was shot he never spoke for at least a quarter of an hour, as he was insensible. The blood was flowing from his left ear, the bedclothes were soon saturated, and holes were burnt to the counterpane. Mr. Burcham asked the prisoner whether he wished to say anything at this stage of the proceedings as he should remand him for further evidence. The prisoner replied that at present he had nothing to say, but on a future day he should be able to prove the shameful conduct of the prosecutor with his wife and the great provocation he received. Mr. Burcham accordingly remanded him, and he was removed to the Horse-monger-lane Gaol.

A SAD ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—Anne Adams, a very respectable-looking young woman the wife of a house painter, employed in the Temple, was placed at the bar charged with attempting to drown herself in the Thames. Henry Fiddling, a gasfitter, working in the Blackfriars-road, said that on the previous Friday evening he was passing the foot of the bridge when his attention was attracted to the prisoner, who was running down the steps towards the river. He followed her and saw her run along some timber and plunge in. Her clothes, for untold kept her up, and she floated towards Hungerford-bridge, but perceiving that she was nearly exhausted he went in after her, and held her up while he called for assistance. Just at that time a Thames police-galley came near, and the crew pulled towards them and rescued the prisoner. Had the boat not come past at the time he believed both himself and the woman would have been drowned, as he was nearly out of his depth and pretty high exhausted. In answer to the magistrate the prisoner said that she had words with her husband, who was exceedingly cruel to her, and ill-treated her. In fact, he had driven her to desperation. She had been married five months, and her husband had continually ill-treated her. The day after the Derby he knocked her down and kicked her. The magistrate inquired why she had not proceeded against him. She said that she took out a summons, but he persuaded her not to appear against him, but since then he had been more brutal towards her than before. The mother of the prisoner here stepped forward and corroborated this statement. On the Friday night her husband ill-treated her, and actual saw her rush to the water, and never made the least attempt to save her. The magistrate directed the prisoner to be delivered up to her mother, and told her if her husband ill-treated her again to seek protection from a magistrate. The prisoner thanked him for his kindness, promising to do so, and left the court with her friends. The magistrate ordered the chief clerk to present Fiddling with a gratuity of 10s. for his bravery in saving the woman's life. He hoped his conduct would not be overlooked by the Royal Humane Society.

LAMBETH.

EXTENSIVE FRAUD.—James Dickson was finally examined before Mr. Elliot, on various charges of fraud and attempted fraud. The prisoner stood fully committed on two charges—one with having obtained from Mr. Trapp, a merchant of 6 Crescent, Minorities, advances to the amount of £50 9s. 8d. in payment for which he had given a cheque on the East London Bank, when the balance of his account there was only one shilling and tenpence; and the other with attempting to obtain from Messrs Price and Co., of Vauxhall, composite candles to the amount of £73 od. Two additional charges against him were gone into at the present examination. Mr. Harvey, a starch manufacturer at Stratford, in Essex, said that on the 5th of April last he received a document then produced, signed James Dickson, and dated 2nd, Devonshire-square, City, requesting to know the lowest price of starch on the following day a carrier called with an order, who signed James Dickson, and a cheque on the East London Bank for £7 5s. its amount. The starch was delivered on the faith of the cheque, which, being crossed, was sent through his bankers, and was returned with "not sufficient assets" marked upon it. Mr. Henry Nash, traveller to Messrs B. Young and Co., glue manufacturers, Bermondsey, said that on the 27th of April last the prisoner, having gone through his account preliminary, forwarded a cheque for £34 12s. 6d., the price of a ton of glue, with a delivery order to the carman; but without having taken the necessary precaution of making inquiries at the bank, discovered the intended fraud, and of course did not deliver the goods. Mr. Elliot was of opinion that the last case was not necessary, and committed the prisoner on all the other three.

BIGAMY.—John Coates, a stoker on the Chatham and Dover Railway, was finally examined before Mr. Woolrych, on a charge of bigamy, with Ada Young, his first wife being at the time and still living. Mr. Henry Benham, a master butcher, at Ayre-road, in Kent, said that on the 11th of April last his step-daughter, Ada Young, presented to him a certificate of her marriage on that day with John Coates; in consequence of which he wrote to the father of the prisoner, and learned from him that the prisoner had another wife then living. He made further inquiries, which left no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and he gave him into custody on a charge of bigamy. Mrs. Eleanor Bell said she resided at Harlepool, in Durham, and had been present at the marriage of the prisoner with her sister Elizabeth Ann Brown, at the parish church of Streton on the 25th of May, 1857. Her sister, the prisoner's wife, was still alive, and she had seen her on Thursday morning before leaving Harlepool. Sergeant Hall said he compared the certificate produced of the marriage of John Coates and Elizabeth Ann Brown, at the parish church of East Streton, near Harlepool, on the 25th of May, 1857, and found it to be correct. Mr. Montgomery, clerk to the district of St. Mary, Southwark, saw prisoner's marriage at that church on the 11th April last and produced the book with the registry. Mrs. Harley said the prisoner lodged in her house, and that Ada Young had slept at her house with him three nights, when he represented her to be his wife. The second wife, a fine, blooming young woman, here entered the witness-box, and, contrary to all expectation, admitted having been married to the prisoner on the day mentioned. The prisoner was fully committed for trial, the magistrate refusing to take bail for him.

WANDSWORTH.

PONY AND CART THIEVES.—William Ezor, Charles Mortimer, and Thomas Barker, were finally examined on a charge of being concerned in stealing a cart and harness of the value of £20, the property of Miss Lablache, residing at East Lodge, Upper Richmond-road, Putney, on the afternoon of the 2nd of February last. The evidence affecting the prisoners was that three men were seen with a pony and cart loitering about the place at the time in question, and the witnesses spoke more particularly to the identity of Ezor and Mortimer. On the 12th of the same month the prisoners were seen with the pony and cart at Holloway, loitering about for the purpose of committing a felony. A police-constable detained the pony and cart, but the prisoners escaped. They were, however, captured soon afterwards, and committed to the Clerkenwell Police-court for three months, which expired on the 21st of May, and they were apprehended on the present charge as they left Coldbath-street prison. It also appeared that Ezor was committed at the Surrey Sessions of May, 1860, in the name of William Jones, for stealing a basket of plate, with others, from a house, and he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. The accused were committed for trial.



A MAIL CART, AND DR. PHIL IN IT. (See page 830.)

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER LXX.

LOTA.

HAVE you ever, when out wandering in the fields, when you have been solitary, sad, and perhaps almost despairing—have you ever in such circumstances begun answering the song of birds?

They will reply.

After a little time they will wait for your notes, and it shall happen that you may go into a grove of silent trees and, by singing yourself, wake up the jealous songsters of the place.

But you will find, after a short time, that this occupation has a sadness and desolation about it which oppresses you. A something it appears to cut you off from the world, and from being a pleasure it becomes a pain. Gradually a plaintiveness creeps into your voice, and at last you are glad to get away from the leafy grove and the rival singing birds, and turn your steps back to the haunts of your fellow men.

What would you say to passing many weeks listening only to the birds, and calling to, and mocking them?

This was Lota's life now.

Was she mad?

A lawyer would have said "pooh," for she could smile, and as for with some faint sense, but a doctor would have said, "her mind is broken."

All throughout the summer days she lay under the mountain trees of the Bhore Ghat, calling to the birds, answering and mocking them.

At first they were afraid of her, but after a time they did not scurry away when she flung them a handful of seed from the round red jar which was always near her right hand, and gradually they came hopping about her without fear and with many twitters.

Was she happy?

She smiled at the birds, and there was a soft, gentle look upon her face, but she could not have been happy.

She was patient rather than happy.

Did she think of the past as she lay day after day under the cool trees of the mountains, and fed the birds which came to know her?

It is very certain that she thought of no past with any clear comprehension, nor did she depict any future. Her mind, if not gone, was paralyzed, and she lived therefore only in a patient present.

She appeared to cling to but one desire with any degree of strength, and that was her inclination to clothe herself in white. Each day there were white flowers in her hair, at her waist, round her arms, strewn all about the spot on which she would rest for many hours.

Serpents had glided into her neighbourhood, and she had remarked them not at all. After a time they had glided away, having done her no harm. She may have smiled upon one or more of them without comprehending the danger she was near.

Was she a prisoner?

Undoubtedly. The Nena Sahib, comprehending that she had served him and his party to as great an extent as she could, as it was necessary to remove her from Delhi, where any act of hers which was in contradiction with the sacrifice of her own child would injure the powerful superstitious effect she had created upon the Hindus.

Hence his declaration that the soul of Lota had departed to holy communion with Brahma—a declaration which was almost immediately followed by her removal to the lonely solitude of the Bhore Ghat.

Soopio as the Nena was, even he ventured half to believe that supernatural power had acted to support him when Lota, having created all the benefit of which she was capable, became deprived of that quality of reason, by the exercise only of which could she at any time have held him, the Nena, in her power.

Hence he had her removal to a lonely spot, and from Delhi,

and into those mountain fastnesses where the foot of man has but rarely trodden.

Upon her departure the Hindus were informed that their priestess had joined Brahma even while alive, and to this statement the Nena added the hope that the priestess would soon return.

What was the meaning of this last sentence? Did the Nena hope still further to make account of Lota, or had he some real pity for her?

They had passed their lives together, so, perhaps, it will be merciful to believe that he had some pity for her.

It is certain that, without any danger to himself, he could have killed her; but of this crime, capable as the Nena was of murdering women, he remained guiltless.

Letting it remain an open question, then, whether the Nena intended or did not intend to turn Lota St. Maur to account once again—and this is an inquiry to which there cannot possibly be any answer—it must be added that her confinement was made as little bitter as it fairly could be. She had full power to wander in the immense woody garden attached to the wild castle which formed her prison. A number of servants waited on her as on a queen, and her slightest wish was obeyed.

Beyond all question, to the mass of those who attended her, she was the great prophetic; for they served her with an almost abject love and anxiety.

She never spoke to them of her position. She never questioned one of them of her journey to that place, of which she had not the faintest recollection. She never asked any one why she had been brought; whether she was ever to be removed; and if so, whither.

Like the sensitive plant, which touched, sinks, and apparently is dying, so she sank under the horror of her little boy's supposed death, and showed no life, no hope, no care.

She remembered nothing except a dull, stupid knowledge of past terror. She was aware of nothing within herself except a faint comprehension of shakled, dull pain, from which she could not free herself.

The past was dead, and no future was sketched out in her brain. She lived, because death had not taken her; and she existed without a knowledge of death.

She was something like one of the more melancholy of the birds, to which she lay listening many hours after hours. She lived, singing sadly. No past, no future, and a blinded present.

Her servants even touched her with awe, and they would glance at her as you see Catholics take quick looks at the pyx, as though they could not avoid looking, and yet felt their gaze was sacrilege.

In bodily health, Lota positively improved.

Make an inquiry of the next doctor, and, if he is a learned man, he will tell you that when the mind is affected, it frequently happens that the bodily health is improved. Indeed, mad people are proverbially long lived.

And breathing up in the mountain air, in such peace as could be hers, with the cool atmosphere about, the simple food and the hill water, gradually Lota became still more beautiful than she had ever been.

There came a tender, soft colour upon her face, which you rarely see in any but young children, while the soft, crocus-coloured eyes became a still more splendid and unfathomable. Certainly her bodily health became perfect, as was learnt by the diary kept by the native doctor deputed to attend her, who had been educated at a London hospital, and who, after the fashion of London physicians, posted a daily. From his observations the writer is in a position to state that, during the many weeks Lota remained buried in the Bhore Ghat her bodily health rapidly improved. All signs of fever vanished. She grew stronger daily, and her flesh became firm and rounded.

And so her life continued, till the great happy shock came which once again changed her life—a change which possibly never could have occurred had she remained in the plain—had she continued at Delhi. The schemes of the wicked often turn against themselves; and so it was in the wretched Nena's plottings against Lota. Had he kept her at Delhi, in all probability she would have died there. As it was, he sent her away to the hills, so that she regained that strength which saved her physical life.

And now doctors will tell you again, that though the mind can be diseased in an apparently healthy body, yet it is certain that a patient's only chance of the recovery of his mental health depends very much upon the condition of his bodily state.

As it happened, day after day, and week after week, Lota was gradually gaining that bodily health which would enable her to grasp the truth which had been, as it were, struck from her grasp.

Like most great events in this life, that which gave to Lota once more a will, and one which was not to be opposed, came without warning, and from the least expected quarter. When such an event, one upon which a life hinges, occurs in real life, people say, "Why, it's like a romance!" When people read of a similar momentous occurrence in a story-book they say, "Oh, there's no reality in it."

Well, for all that, Lota St. Maur was sitting dreamily under one of the great mountain-trees, and calling to her birds, when, with soft footsteps, a low-caste Indian approached her.

But not so soft that she did not hear them, spite the pattering upon the ground of the seed she was flinging to her fluttering winged pets.

Dreamily she turned. Had some one approached? perhaps she thought; or, perchance, in the dreamy, torpid state in which her brain existed, she wondered whether any varying things existed, and, if so, why there was change in them.

That which was before her—the shadow, or the man—or that which she fancied was before her, was kneeling at her feet.

"Mem sahib!" said he.

"Who art thou?"

"I come with good tidings."

"For whom are the good tidings?"

"For thee."

"And who am I?"

"Thou art Lota, the wife of the Sahib St. Maur!"

The white robed woman, feeding birds beneath a wide-spreading tree, put her hands about her temples as she heard the names which were once familiar to her.

"I know her—do I not?"

The messenger fell back, perhaps with fear. "I have seen her," said Lota, smiling; and, possibly, this amelioration of her face attracted the messenger, for he came nearer, and taking the lady's hands he laid them on her head.

Now, in a doing, his own hands were before her sight. Upon one finger was a ring, and upon this jewel her eyes fell and remained fixedly.

"Whose is that?" she said at last, in a low tone; but there was more earnestness in her voice than there had yet been.

"Lady, it is mine!"

"And who art thou?"

"I am Darth Jalib."

A moment passed, her eyes still upon the ring, and then, as though she had not asked the question, she said, speaking more earnestly than before, "Whose ring is that?"

"Lady, it is indeed mine."

"Whose"—then she stopped, and an appearance of struggle disfigured her face—"whose was it?"

Was it. The reader will see that her mind was regaining strength. This was the first occasion since she had been in the Bhore Ghat that she had referred to a past time.

"It was the Sahib Sir Olive St. Maur's, lady—What ails thee?"

She had let fall her red earthen jar of seed, and now she paid no attention to the calls of the many birds who appeared to be waiting for her from the neighbouring trees.

"I knew him—assuredly, I knew him!"

"He loved thee, lady—and I come from one who loves thee."

"How camest thou here, Darth—Darth Jalib, didst thou not say?"

"I came as a bearer of a letter to the doctor who watches over you, lady. But I came truly to seek you."

"Why?"

"To tell you that one whom you think dead is alive!"

"Dead? That was after the time when I gave the ring. It was once my ring. Whom did I give it to?"

"Arthur," said Darth Jalib, who, perhaps it will be remembered, was the Hindoo to whom Olive St. Maur gave his ring after the catastrophe at Delhi—that ring which he had received from his wife.

At the man said "Arthur" a singular tremor took possession of the lady.

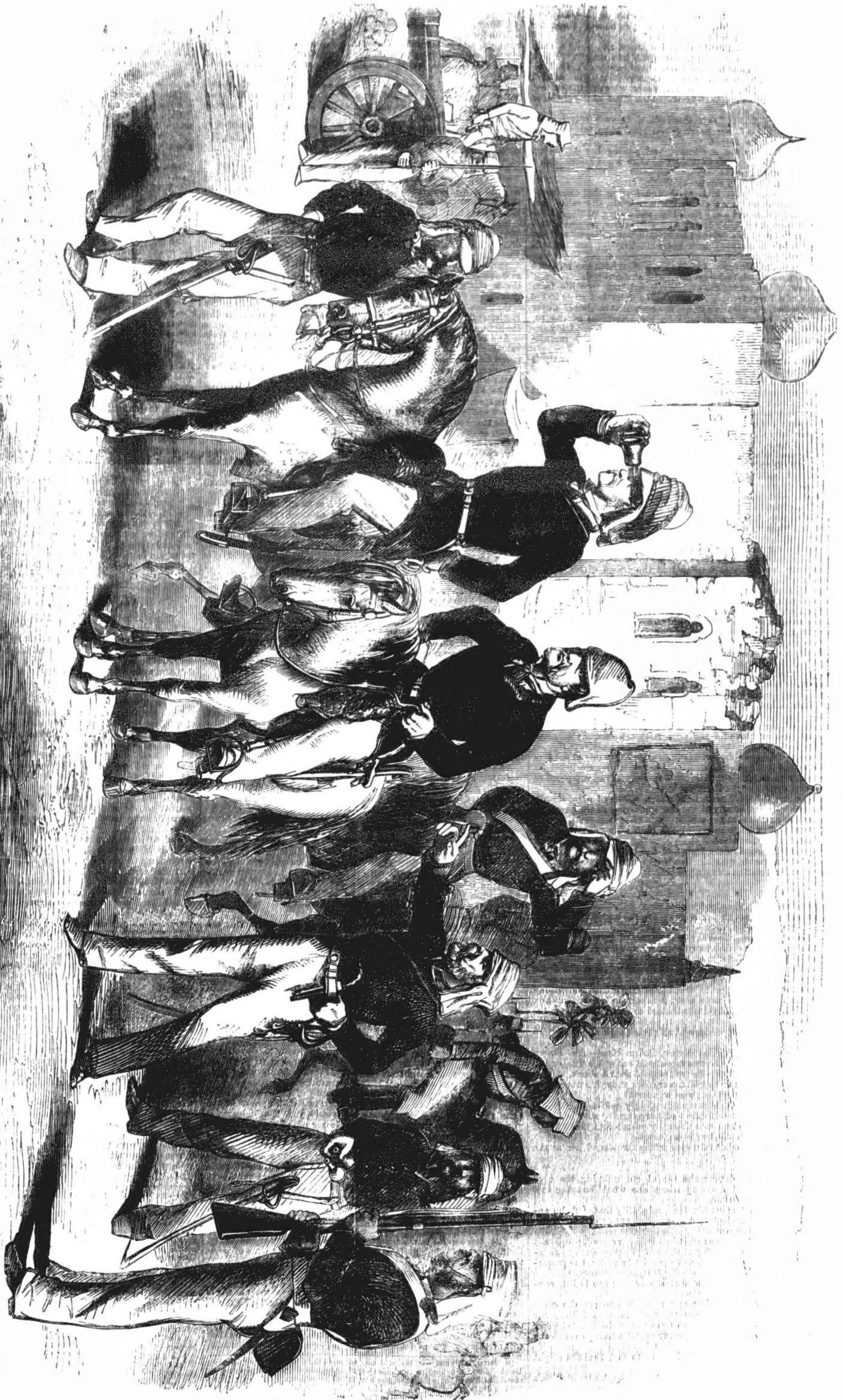
"Who was he?"

"Your son, lady."

"My—son!" and as she spoke she pressed her right hand against her heart.

You see already she was once more above the birds she tended, fly high as they might. She did not wholly live in the present. Her memory of the past was tenderly moving her.

"Lady, do you not remember the day at Delhi when the little Sahib Arthur was condemned to be blown from a gun. Lady, you



THE GENERAL AND HIS STAFF BEFORE DELHI. (See page 830.)

remember the roar of the cannon, and how the Sahib Sir Clive suddenly came and stood before you—I was with him, and he gave me the ring, because he thought he loved you no more; and for this other reason, that I had saved his life."

And here it was that she fell upon her knees, not quite a sane woman, but one comprehending that she had been wrought. There was still confusion in her brain, still a doubt of her own safety. The fact simply stood that it was necessary that she should experience a great joy, a shock of happiness, which in the eternal justness of nature as frequently restores the mind as the shock of a catastrophe destroys it.

"The little boy Arthur," says the Indian, in such soft accents that any one being a father hearing him must have felt sure the Hindoo was himself a parent.

"Yes," she says, upon her knees, and putting her hands up before the low-caste Hindoo as though he were a god rather than a poor humble outcast serving-man.

"He is alive, good lady sahib."

She looked eagerly at him, as though fearing that once more she was deceived, and then seeing the man smile, she raised her hands a little higher and away from him, and saying in English (as was learnt from the Hindoo doctor who was, in fact, present at this interview), "Out of the depths I have called upon thee," and she fell (her hands still clasped), with her white grateful face towards high heaven.

She believed the Hindoo. And in that perfect faith she regained those her senses which had been numbed, not destroyed.

And now, if the reader has ever struggled back into life from the horror of a long, terrible nightmare, or if he has come to the surface of water, after fearing in quick agony that he should never breathe again, he can comprehend by the sweetness of the recovered wakefulness, or regained breath of life, what was Lady St. Maur's perception as she awoke from that ecstasy of insensibility.

Of course it were to be merely ludicrous to attempt any analysis of her feelings.

By the way, I can say she wept, that being an act which at no time had marked her life during her, I will not say insanity, but during the torpor of her brain.

And, strange to say, that though in that terrible condition she had no memory of past events, no anticipation of future, yet her senses once fully regained, she could remember hastily all the events which had passed from the hour when she believed her son destroyed to that in which she recovered her power of thought.

"Speak," she said, when the poor heaving breast was a little stilled, and the rain of tears had abated.

His was a very simple tale to tell.

He was the friend of a certain Hindoo; and visiting the poor home of this friend some days after he had saved St. Maur from the Nena's grasp, he noticed at the house a little fellow who reminded him vaguely of the English sahib he had saved.

These simple, earth-working Hindoos (as distinct from the Mussulmans) are very childlike and confiding in their social intercourse, and amongst friends there appears to be little secrecy.

In a very few minutes he had told the friend of his having guarded the Englishman. His confidence was met, as is most commendable, by revelations on his friend's side.

He told how when ordered to blow away the little boy Arthur from the mouth of a gun, he had taken pity on the child, and in his place substituted a dead child of his own.

Said the good Hindoo (he was named Kristos Jeth), "My little one was dead, and past all ill, and perchance, Brahma was pleased that the little one should in death save the life of another little one. My little cherished lad had died that morning. They did not look at the fragments afterwards, and it was I picked them up, and cared for them."

The Hindoos having thus confided in each other, the scheme to inform Lota of the good news in store for her was quickly put together.

As one of the minor agents of the Nena, and as one not known to have any love for the poor false priestess, Kristos had little trouble in finding out whether Lota had been conveyed.

This done, Darr Jeth was readily employed as one of the servants in attendance upon the small caravan which regularly set out each week from Delhi for the Bhor Gant—a caravan composed of a few secret agents of the Nena Sahib.

The meeting, therefore, with Lota was a matter of great simplicity, for she was continually alone, and wandering in the park-like garden which surrounded her prison.

And now, just as her memory of the past returned, so did her comprehension of the future.

And when the good messenger had finished, and she had remained a few moments with her hands put together, she rose up, a look of determination came upon her face, and she said, "To Delhi."

A week afterwards, she stood in that city.

Hitherto she had been rather a puppet in the hands of the Nena than a self-controlling being.

Now she was, indeed, what she was supposed by the Indians to be—a false prophetess. She now deceived knowingly.

Up in the hills she had carried all before her.

Her sudden return to reason staggered those about her who knew her real position, while those who had believed her a prophetess in Delhi, and who had come to the Bhor Gant with no knowledge of her being there, were awed by her sudden appearance, naturally believing that she had returned to earth again from the Brahminic heaven.

Therefore, when in the presence of all these people she said, "To Delhi," her will was law.

The half Anglicised Hindoo doctor, Bolam Kore—Mr. Bolam Kore as he liked to be called—was astonished out of his five, or say seven, senses, his medical experience received such a shock. A case of sudden recovering of sanity had never come under his notice, and so Mr. Bolam Kore felt the thing was wonderful.

The journey made to Delhi was astounding quick. She would take no rest—nay, in the selfishness of her yearning mother's love, she wearied almost to the death those by whose means she hoped once more to clasp her little boy in her arms.

But she had no idea of the dangers which threatened her as she approached Delhi.

They were two.

The first lay in the danger she ran of encountering the now rapidly advancing English, and by whom she would be taken as a notorious enemy and deserter.

The second danger consisted in the probability that, did she appear in Delhi, she might be forced to complete the ceremony of her marriage with the Indian prince.

So far, her lost, half-senseless state had held her sacred, people not quite sure being held to this day in the East, as they were in Jerusalem in the first day of our era, to be peculiarly under the protection of heaven—a belief very beautiful if equally erroneous.

But what might happen now that she returned to Delhi, conscious and self-governing?

The masses who marked her return would suppose she came from heaven. The few who knew that she had been hidden for the politic purpose of gaining more power over the people by her absence than her presence, would seek to exercise that power to the utmost.

Perhaps they had no apprehension of the fact that she might turn upon them all.

Approaching Delhi, the scouts sent out by the leader of Lota's party quickly returned with white countenances of fright, saying the English were encamped near the city.

And almost as they spoke the roar of cannon burst upon the air.

"They are shelling the city," said the doctor. Lota for one moment flinched, but her regained mind was in such good order that she remembered English cannon is not directed at cities, but the strongholds of cities; so, after the first moment of dread, she had little fear that English iron should scatter the life of her little child.

Your English, in regaining India, mowed down forts and palaces, but the houses of the people were never wilfully damaged. Bad artillery practice may have had something to answer for, but un-Christian artillerymen, nothing.

So, recovering her courage out of that god-like hope which is the very marrow of sanity, she asked quickly, "Have the English invested the city?"

"No."

"Then I will go alone."

They fell back from her, even those who knew her to be but mortal—an ill-used mortal, whose calamities had been turned to the benefit of bad men—they fell back from her as though she were indeed inspired.

And so alone, and in the white flowing robes which she had worn continuously since she had first tacitly admitted her half-divinity, she neared that city on a side unapproached by the English.

Throughout the siege of Delhi the English forces were never sufficiently strong to invest Delhi. The strategy adopted was to throw the whole force upon one point, and then radiate from that centre to a broad-spread victory.

So when Lota approached the doomed city, and when from the battlements they saw her, shining white, approaching them in the sunlight, they said, "Who is this?"

And as, when the English had to flee from Delhi, they left their valuables behind them, many good field glasses and telescopes were found amongst the booty.

Hence, before she had reached the walls, the men of Delhi had learnt who was approaching.

The knowledge spread through the city as a ring of waving water spreads from a stone cast on the surface.

Men and women fell flat upon their faces, and with outstretched hands thanked Brahma for this great mercy.

For, as the English approached Delhi, as the cannonading grew heavier, and the smoke from the English fires thickened, the whole city, even the Mussulman population, had lifted up their hands and prayed for the return of Lota from the bosom of Brahma, that she might lead them to victory.

And, lo! after days of praying, she came, unattended, alone, fearless.

And the rumour spread—whence it was never learnt—that the priestess had passed through the midst of the English, and that Brahma had blinded their sight so that no man saw her.

And so this poor trembling woman, coming to the angry blood-stained place, strong only in the will to find one poor little child, which to her was worth more than all the remainder of the world, she found the face of the city turned to meet her.

She had asked herself, could she gain an entry to the city? Would she not be shot from the battlements? And lo! as she approached the walls, the gate to which she was directing her pilgrim steps was thrown open, and she saw beyond a sea of kneeling human beings, while those in front came forth to meet her, waving palm branches, and bowing themselves almost into the dust.

And so on that 7th of July, Lota St. Maur, who approached Delhi as some poor outcast looks at the shelter of a house, entered the city its mistress, was welcomed as its deliverer.

But her first words betrayed her fear.

"Where is the Nena?"

"Great priestess—at Oawnpore!" says a hundred voices, each dreading as it speaks to address her.

She bows her head. They cannot hear her thought—"So far I am safe!"

Then she is carried to the palace; and behold, for hours after, all the temples are crowded with grateful Hindoos, praising Brahma for the miracle of returning to them their prophetess to earth.

And when the night has come, the city is illuminated; and the besieging English, on the hills beyond the city, wonder what is happening below, as they take one of their frequent inspections (a); and so wondering, sleep falls upon both camp and city.

CHAPTER LXXI.

LUCKNOW AGAIN.

THE commander of the forces at Lucknow, Colonel Inglis, was much discomposed by Tim's discovery of the means by which the enemy was made acquainted with the movements inside the garrison. He felt that if the enemy were so dexterous in finding out what passed within the entrenchments, they might be equally adroit in ascertaining his incorrect information—through the medium of false spies—as to their own movements.

It is very probable, therefore, that Tim's discovery led to the ultimate arrest of a rival of his by the enemy.

That rival was not Harry Sanderson, nor Tom Dobbles, nor Sergeant Fisher, who, by the way, may have felt in the very early desolate days of inconvenience resulting from new widowhood that Jessie would not make a bad second partner for life.

The rival was—Dr. Phil Effingham. As I have said, doubtless Tim's discovery led Colonel Inglis to feel himself justified in accepting the services of a very reckless volunteer.

Now that rival and that reckless volunteer were one and the same man—Dr. Phil Effingham.

If the reader will turn to the earliest chapters of this work, he will find Phil indulging in some fine practical protests, directed at Clive, and in reference to the want of wisdom a man shows in marrying, or rather wanting to marry, inconveniently—that is to say, in desiring to wed below his own condition.

There is no question about the philosophy of the thing. It is a mistake to marry below yourself, and therefore above yourself, the same rule holding good with the one above you, that holds with you in reference to the individual on a lower rail of the ladder than your highness.

But philosophy and practice are denoted different things. Take judges and barristers, for instance—fellows supposed to be the high priests of judgment. Very well. Now, marriage is that milestone on the high road of life where the best of judgment should be called for. Very well. Then, in the matter of judges and barristers, it holds philosophically good that they should marry with caution.

That's the philosophy.

What's the practice?

Why, more great lawyers step down into the kitchen and marry their cooks, than do, numbers for numbers, any other class of gentlemen.

Therefore, to get back to Lucknow, there is nothing surprising in the fact that, as this story has progressed, the chapters have discovered, or rather it may have been discovered in the chapters, that in spite of the fine moral remarks made by Dr. Phil Effingham, he has shown more an interest in Jessie Macfarlane than that the every-day doctor takes in an ordinary patient.

Mind, Phil had not got into a state of tea-in-the-arbour, and that sort of thing. He was a remarkably well-packed sort of passion.

(A) BEFORE DELHI.—This is a capital sketch of the staff reconnoitring Delhi. I would draw the reader's special attention to the ponies, or rather small Galloways, of which there is a specimen in the engraving. The little fellows did wonderful service in India during the mutiny. The reader will find them more fully referred to in the following note.

He could hold it well in, and that is what he did do. But, nevertheless, his "falling in love," as the young people call it, at all, was a fine comment upon his principles. In fact the whole amounts to this, that it is one thing to give advice, and another thing to take it.

It is true nobody gave him any advice, but his conscience had a word or two to say to himself.

Says he, "It's a damned dismal thing for a man to live by himself in the world."

Says Conscience, "Suppose you mind what you are about?"

Says he, "A man ought not to live by himself."

Says Conscience, "But a man ought to be careful with whom he settles down for life."

"I'll marry Jessie Macfarlane," says Phil, on the morning of the 11th of July.

And Conscience suggests not a word of such a sentence as "Suppose she won't have you?" All Conscience says is, "They won't have her in the 80th."

"Very well," says he, "then we can do without the regiment."

Here Conscience makes no reply; and, thereupon, Phil sums up in the following style:—"When Uncle Jack goes off there's that reverend interest, and I'll be bedevilled if I don't go and do it at once."

He felt no inconvenience of doubt as to whether they would ever get out of Lucknow. Exactly as soldiers are always ready to die, so they never think of death, and generally look forward to seventy.

So after making himself as spruce as the nature of his uniform would admit, he went off to Jessie's quarters.

"Morning, Jessie; how's your eyes? Nothing else in 'em, I hope?"

"No, sir."

"Don't say sir to me, Jess."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because I'd sooner you—you dropped it."

Jess looks at him, I am afraid, something after the manner of a sharp terrier, for somehow your women always know when the question is going to be put. Perhaps Jess had known something of the matter for some time.

"No, sir," says Jess; "for I knew the difference between us."

And, thereupon, Phil speaks—going into the proposal with that business-like air which he would have shown over the taking off of a leg. And I am bound to say that his business was settled in a far less time than it would have taken him to remove half a leg, clever surgeon as he was.

"Jess, I'm a devilish practical man."

"Are ye, sir?"

"Jess, I shall be moderately well off some day."

"I'm just glad to hear it, sir."

"And, Jess, the fact is, I think, if you like, I'll marry you."

Well, this was sudden—even Jess felt it was sudden.

And it was one way of putting it, wasn't it?

The fact is, it was a little too practical. Calling a young person by her shortest Christian name, and making the remark that you think you'll marry her, isn't exactly—no, upon my life, it isn't. So Jessie felt, and perhaps this conviction gave to her answer that smack of dryness which it certainly exhibited. For this is what she said—"But I'm thinking I'll no' marry you, sir!"

"Oh!"

"No!"

"Then I'd better go!" says Phil.

"Gude morning, sir!"

"Good morn'—But, Jess, tell us why the devil not?"

"Because I'm just promised one deep already, sir!"

"Oh!"

"And gude morning, sir!"

"Mornin', Jess!"

And he fairly bolted.

And that was all.

But, now, if the reader will once again turn to the earlier chapters of this tale, in which Phil set himself up as a preacher, he will find that that gentleman advised running away in all cases of unfortunate love.

And it is due to him to say that as he turned his back upon Jessie, or rather, had it turned for him, he thought of this mode of delivery. But where could he fly to?

Stick at Lucknow he must.

And yet stick at Lucknow he did not. For he it was who, hearing of the commander's suspicion of the native spies, volunteered to leave Lucknow with despatches if the commander thought fit.

And so it was on that very night of the 11th, and when the enemy's firing was a little slackened, that Phil was true to that remaining part of his philosophy of love which counselled flight after disappointment.

To avoid the activity of the spies, whom Inglis believed to be all round him, very few knew of Phil's adventure, and when the 3—th missed him next morning there was some consternation.

Knowing the ordinary language of the country well, and very able in assuming Indian manners, owing to his long residence in India, Phil ran less chance of detection than most other Englishmen in Lucknow would have encountered.

His despatches were written in cypher.

For two days he stuck to the disguise, but disliking the Indian character, as we know he did, he found the dress irksome; and so upon the third day, reaching an English station, he borrowed rational regimentals again, put a revolver in his hand (all these matters being willingly supplied when it was learnt that he was travelling with despatches from Lucknow), and set forward on a Government mail-cart (b).

Now, here he was wrong.

As a disguised Indian he was safe.

As a gentleman in uniform driving through a disaffected country, he ran a risk through which he did not pull safely, for that same evening the mail was surprised by a party of the enemy, and Phil was made a prisoner.

By the way it was Jess saved his life, for had he not been thinking of her he would have saluted the enemy with his revolver; and had he paid them that little attention he would have been cut to pieces.

"Oh!" says he, putting his eye-glass in his right eye as the insurgents began rifling the mail—"Oh! well, I think I'm in for it!"

He was quite cool. In fact, what was the use of putting himself out?

(b) THE MAIL CART IN INDIA.—The subjoined sketch represents the style of vehicle in which the mails are conveyed throughout Northern India. Where the roads are good the cart is drawn by one horse, and this is usually the case, but a second one is attached to an outrigger when the roads are in bad order. The two horses, of course, facilitate the progress over hilly ground, except when the animals choose to move in different directions, which is by no means unfrequently the case. The horses, or rather small Galloways—for these are best adapted to the work, exhibit as they do the best blood in India—are urged at full speed, from which they never slacken until the stage is accomplished; this is limited to six miles, which is usually done in twenty-five minutes. Allowing for difficulty in starting, many of the horses being but half broken in, the average speed is from ten to eleven miles an hour. The cart itself is a square springless bogy, with extremely heavy shafts and wheels, and rough canvas hood, which is crowded on about the traveller's desire. The driver wears the post-office livery of pea green with a crimson turban, and announces his approaching arrival at the various stations by a discordant blast upon his long horn. The horse-keeper perches himself behind to assist in putting things straight when they get disarranged, which is not unfrequently the case. The seat by the driver is for travellers, who pay at the rate of sixpence a mile if in company with the mail, or one shilling a mile if a special cart is engaged. The rapid pace, combined with the alluring prospect of coming to a smash at any moment, renders the journey by the mail cart a pleasing variety to the ancient mode of travelling in a palanquin.

! Holywell-street, Strand, London.

